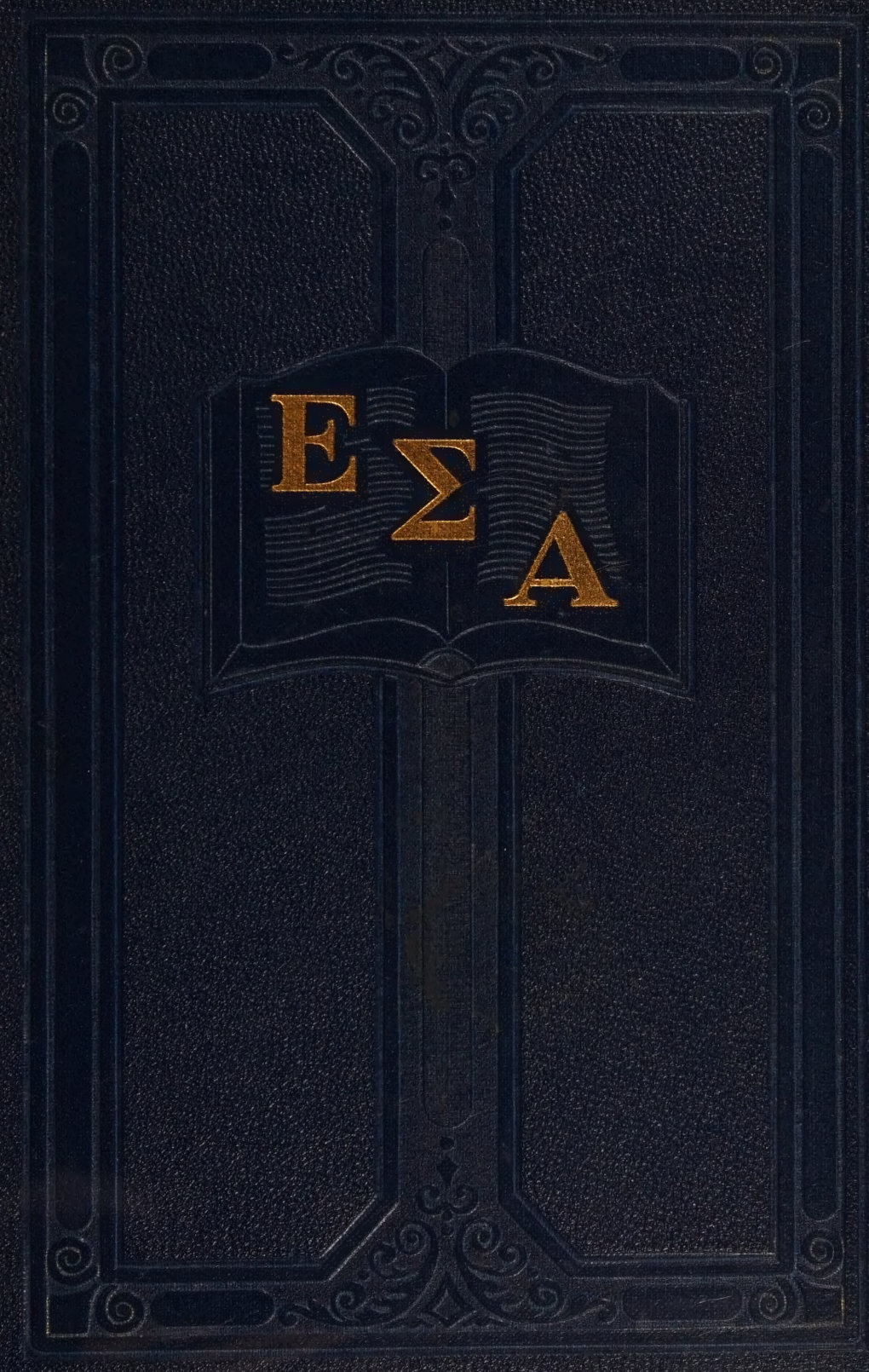
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OCEAN
EAST INDIES

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WEST FRONT
LONDON

THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

BY

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

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CHAPTER XX

THE TRANSITION TO THE MODERN ENGLISH PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

JOHNSON AND FRANKLIN

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Two great figures remain to be considered in this interesting epoch, one the greatest writer of classical prose and the other the one figure of overwhelming literary importance in America prior to the Revolution —Samuel Johnson and Benjamin Franklin.

While Addison is perhaps recognized as Johnson's superior, it was because he had revolted from the trammels of classicism and had reached a point far in advance of his times. Johnson was eminently classical in an age that outside of prose had already shown unmistakable signs of the return to nature which was to culminate in the Romantic school of the next generation. Samuel Johnson (1709–1784) was

the very precocious son of a Lichfield bookseller, who from his earliest days was a great reader. A customer in the store became interested in the lad's remarkable talents and sent him to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he immediately distinguished himself by his classical learning. Preferring, however, to be independent, Johnson abandoned his college before he had completed the course and became usher in a village grammar school. In 1735 he married a widow and settled at Edial, where he took private pupils, among whom was David Garrick, afterwards the foremost actor of his time. In 1737 he went up to London with Garrick, determined to earn a living by the pen, but he had a long and discouraging conflict with adversity, and it was not until after the accession of George III that he obtained a pension which permitted him to live in reasonable comfort. Yet his years of drudgery had put him at the head of English men of letters, and until his death he established the literary taste and style of his nation. With Reynolds, the painter, he founded in 1764 the famous Literary Club, of which Garrick, Burke, Goldsmith, Boswell, Fox, Gibbon, Adam Smith and Sheridan were members. It was of this club that Macaulay says: "The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk maker and the pastry cook."

The witty, truculent style with which Boswell has made us familiar was characteristic of Johnson not only in the club but among his friends, where he was a fascinating if not always welcome guest.

Johnson has become one of the most familiar figures of the eighteenth century, and his eccentricities are better known than the excellent features of his work, a remark which only weakly paraphrases that of Macaulay, who said: "The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his works alive." The fame of Johnson is due in the first place, then, not so much to his works as to the wonderful biography of the silly Boswell.

We shall recur to Macaulay for a summing up of the oddities that have made Johnson an amusing figure to all time, but in reading that artful characterization it must not be forgotten that Johnson was generous, charitable, sympathetic and affectionate, in spite of his rough and ill-considered remarks, and that most of his friends forgot the absurdities of his conduct in their admiration for his genius. Moreover he was always a sufferer from bodily disease and possessed a melancholy temperament, either of which afflictions would have destroyed the courage of an ordinary man. In his case they account for the twitching limbs and peculiar actions which astonished every stranger who met him. But here is Macaulay's characterization:

Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fullness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.

II. Johnson's Works. Johnson was really more effective as a talker than as a writer, though sometimes in his conversation he dropped into the stilted formalism that marks his prose. In 1750 he conceived the idea of a paper somewhat like *The Spectator;* this biweekly he called *The Rambler,* but neither this nor *The Idler,* a similar venture, proved popular, owing probably to the ponderous style and the pessimistic tone of the articles.

Already Johnson had conceived the idea of his famous *Dictionary,* the work upon which his fame chiefly rests, and in 1747 he had issued the plan and had begun the work with the help of six amanuenses; the task lasted for eight years. Though not a skilled philologist, his definitions were thoroughly characteristic, and

his illustrations so aptly drawn from the great writers that the book deserved the popularity the first great dictionary of any language would naturally attain. Some of his definitions are highly amusing and much more difficult to understand than the word itself; for instance:

Lexicographer. A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the origin and detailing the significance of words.

Network. Anything reticulated or decussated at equal distance with interstices between the intersections.

Oats. A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Pensioner. A slave of State hired by a stipend to obey his master.

During the years of hard labor on this great work Johnson received little encouragement, though he had sought assistance from many of his friends and at one time made a personal appeal to Lord Chesterfield. When the *Dictionary* was nearly completed Johnson heard that Chesterfield had written two very complimentary papers on the work, but coming at this late day they served merely to irritate the touchy author, who wrote a remarkable letter in a style which is an example of clear and dignified prose quite free from the pedantry and heaviness that so commonly characterized him. Until this time literary men had been largely dependent upon the wealthy and titled, and the sickening adulation which the sycophantic writers poured upon the favored individuals whom they expected to support

them is one of the unpleasant things that the modern reader must face. However, it was practically impossible for a writer to make a living from the ordinary sale of his books, and he was forced to say those things which we know must in many instances have cut to the very soul. For the first time, in this letter a literary man flung defiance in the face of the titled. Carlyle, speaking of the effort, calls it "the far-famed blast of doom, proclaiming unto the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and through him of the listening world, that patronage should be no more." The reader of the letter will believe that Johnson knew whereof he spoke when he said that he wrote Chesterfield a letter "expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said nor wrote and that I had done with him." The letter follows:

February 7, 1755.

To the Earl of Chesterfield:

My Lord: I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers, in which my "Dictionary" is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor

modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Vergil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far, with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord.

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

A paragraph from the introduction to his *Dictionary* gives an idea of his prose style:

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.

Much of Johnson's work was ordinary hack work and has met with the usual fate of such productions, but when his mother died in 1759 and he needed the money to pay the expenses of her illness and funeral, he wrote *Rasselas*, the most popular of all his books and one of the minor English classics. "He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of

one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over," says Boswell, who continues:

This Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of "vanity and vexation of spirit." To those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail. But they who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom. Voltaire's *Candide* written to refute the system of optimism, which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's *Rasselas;* insomuch, that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other. Though the proposition illustrated by both these works was the same, namely, that in our present state there is more evil than good, the intention of the writers was very different. Voltaire, I am afraid, meant only by wanton profaneness to obtain a sportive victory over religion, and to discredit the belief of a superintending Providence: Johnson meant, by showing the unsatisfactory nature of things temporal, to direct the hopes of man to things eternal. *Rasselas,* as was observed to me by a very accomplished lady, may be considered as a more enlarged and more deeply philosophical discourse in prose, upon the interesting truth, which in his *Vanity of Human Wishes* he had so successfully enforced in verse.

The fund of thinking which this work contains is such, that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. I am not satisfied if a year passes with-

out my having read it through; and at every perusal, my admiration of the mind which produced it is so highly raised, that I can scarcely believe that I had the honor of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

I restrain myself from quoting passages from this excellent work, or even referring to them, because I should not know what to select, or, rather, what to omit. I shall, however, transcribe one, as it shows how well he could state the arguments of those who believe in the appearance of departed spirits; a doctrine which it is a mistake to suppose that he himself ever positively held:

" 'If all your fear be of apparitions,' said the Prince, 'I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more.'

" 'That the dead are seen no more,' said Imlac, 'I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavilers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.' "

Rasselas could never be popular with the young, and the melancholy that pervades it makes it trying reading for any one, yet it is a book in which many elderly people find great charm and satisfaction, and it finds numerous readers at the present day.

The poems of Johnson are in sentiment not unlike his prose, but with the exception of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* are practically forgotten.

III. BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON." James Boswell was born in 1740 in Scotland and was educated at the high school and University of Edinburgh. At the age of twenty-three he met Johnson, who was then fifty-four years old, and very soon afterwards determined to write the biography of the great lexicographer. In preparation of this he began jotting down Johnson's sayings and collecting facts of all kinds. His devotion was slavish and ridiculous to on-lookers, but it resulted in giving to the world its greatest English biography, for nothing approaches Boswell's *Life* in accurate detail, general truthfulness and sympathetic appreciation. Boswell traveled extensively and met Voltaire, Rousseau, General Paoli and other great Europeans, but above them all he regarded the privilege of his frequent visits to Johnson and the tours he was able to make with that individual. In 1773 he was elected a member of the Literary Club, and later on was admitted to the bar. Although he acquired some influence in politics, yet he will always continue to be known merely as the biographer of Johnson. Carlyle has given us the following estimate of Boswell's character:

Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye, visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the Time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed, in such a degree, were almost unexampled; not recognizable therefore by every one; nay, apt, even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a

wine-bibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the Tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakespeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted *"Corsica Boswell,"* round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without doing and saying more than one pretentious ineptitude; all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. The very look of Boswell seems to have signified so much. In that cocked nose, cocked partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff-up the smell of coming pleasure and scent it from afar; in those bag-cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more; in that coarsely-protruded shelf-mouth, that fat dewlapped chin; in all this, who sees not sensuality, pretension, boisterous imbecility enough; much that could not have been ornamental in the temper of a great man's overfed great man (what the Scotch name *flunky*), though it had been more natural there? The under part of Boswell's face is of a low, almost brutish character.

Of the book Carlyle has written:

As for the Book itself, questionless the universal favor entertained for it is well merited. In worth as a Book we have rated it beyond any other product of the eighteenth century: all Johnson's own Writings, laborious and in their kind genuine above most, stand on a quite inferior level to it; already, indeed, they are becoming obsolete for this generation; and for some future generation may be valuable chiefly as Prolegomena and expository Scholia to this *Johnsoniad* of Boswell. Which of us but remembers, as one of the sunny spots in his existence, the day when he opened these airy volumes, fascinating him by a true natural magic! It was as if

the curtains of the past were drawn aside, and we looked mysteriously into a kindred country, where dwelt our Fathers; inexpressibly dear to us, but which had seemed forever hidden from our eyes. For the dead Night had engulfed it: all was gone, vanished as if it had not been. Nevertheless, wondrously given back to us, there once more it lay; all bright, lucid, blooming; a little island of Creation amid the circumambient Void. There it still lies; like a thing stationary, imperishable, over which changeful Time were now accumulating itself in vain, and could not, any longer, harm it, or hide it.

It would be a delight to quote at length from the remarkable volumes which compose the biography, but we must content ourselves with a few extracts drawn almost at random. The first is abridged slightly from Boswell's account of Johnson's college career:

Dr. Adams told me that Johnson, while he was at Pembroke College, "was caressed and loved by all about him, was a gay and frolicksome fellow, and passed there the happiest part of his life." But this is a striking proof of the fallacy of appearances, and how little any of us know of the real internal state even of those whom we see most frequently; for the truth is, that he was then depressed by poverty, and irritated by disease. When I mentioned to him this account as given me by Dr. Adams, he said, "Ah, Sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolick. ¶ was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority."

The Bishop of Dromore observes in a letter to me, "The pleasure he took in vexing the tutors and fellows has been often mentioned. But I have heard him say, what ought to be recorded to the honor of the present venerable master of that College, the Reverend William Adams, D.D., who was then very young, and one of

the junior fellows; that the mild but judicious expostulations of this worthy man, whose virtue awed him, and whose learning he revered, made him really ashamed of himself, 'though I fear (said he) I was too proud to own it.'

"I have heard from some of his contemporaries that he was generally seen lounging at the College gate, with a circle of young students round him, whom he was entertaining with wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiriting them up to rebellion against the College discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled."

. . . . . .

I do not find that he formed any close intimacies with his fellow-collegians. But Dr. Adams told me, that he contracted a love and regard for Pembroke College, which he retained to the last. A short time before his death he sent to that College, a present of all his works, to be deposited in their library; and he had thoughts of leaving to it his house at Lichfield; but his friends who were about him very properly dissuaded him from it, and he bequeathed it to some poor relations. He took a pleasure in boasting of the many eminent men who had been educated at Pembroke. In this list are found the names of Mr. Hawkins, the Poetry Professor, Mr. Shenstone, Sir William Blackstone, and others; not forgetting the celebrated popular preacher, Mr. George Whitefield, of whom, though Dr. Johnson did not think very highly, it must be acknowledged that his eloquence was powerful, his views pious and charitable, his assiduity almost incredible; and, that since his death, the integrity of his character has been fully vindicated. Being himself a poet, Johnson was peculiarly happy in mentioning how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets; adding, with a smile of sportive triumph, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds."

He was not, however, blind to what he thought the defects of his own college: and I have, from the information of Dr. Taylor, a very strong instance of that rigid

honesty which he ever inflexibly preserved. Taylor had obtained his father's consent to be entered of Pembroke, that he might be with his schoolfellow Johnson, with whom, though some years older than himself, he was very intimate. This would have been a great comfort to Johnson. But he fairly told Taylor that he could not, in conscience, suffer him to enter where he knew he could not have an able tutor. He then made inquiry all round the University, and having found that Mr. Bateman, of Christ-Church, was the tutor of highest reputation, Taylor was entered of that College. Mr. Bateman's lectures were so excellent, that Johnson used to come and get them at second-hand from Taylor, till his poverty being so extreme, that his shoes were worn out, and his feet appeared through them, he saw that this humiliating circumstance was perceived by the Christ-Church men, and he came no more. He was too proud to accept of money, and somebody having set a pair of new shoes at his door, he threw them away with indignation. How must we feel when we read such an anecdote of Samuel Johnson!

His spirited refusal of an eleemosynary supply of shoes, arose, no doubt, from a proper pride. But, considering his ascetic disposition at times, as acknowledged by himself in his Meditations, and the exaggeration with which some have treated the peculiarities of his character, I should not wonder to hear it ascribed to a principle of superstitious mortification; as we are told by Tursellinus, in his Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, that this intrepid founder of the order of Jesuits, when he arrived at Goa, after having made a severe pilgrimage through the eastern deserts, persisted in wearing his miserable shattered shoes, and when new ones were offered him, rejected them as an unsuitable indulgence.

The *res angusta domi* prevented him from having the advantage of a complete academical education. The friend to whom he had trusted for support had deceived him. His debts in College, though not great, were increasing; and his scanty remittances from Lichfield,

which had all along been made with great difficulty, could be supplied no longer, his father having fallen into a state of insolvency. Compelled, therefore, by irresistible necessity, he left the College in autumn, 1731, without a degree, having been a member of it little more than three years.

. . . . . .

And now (I had almost said *poor*) Samuel Johnson returned to his native city, destitute, and not knowing how he should gain even a decent livelihood. His father's misfortunes in trade rendered him unable to support his son; and for some time there appeared no means by which he could maintain himself. In the December of this year his father died.

The state of poverty in which he died, appears from a note in one of Johnson's little diaries of the following year, which strongly displays his spirit and virtuous dignity of mind: "I layed by eleven guineas on this day, when I received twenty pounds, being all that I have reason to hope for out of my father's effects, previous to the death of my mother; an event which I pray God may be very remote. I now therefore see that I must make my own fortune. Meanwhile, let me take care that the powers of my mind be not debilitated by poverty, and that indigence do not force me into any criminal act."

In conversation, Johnson spoke as follows of Fielding:

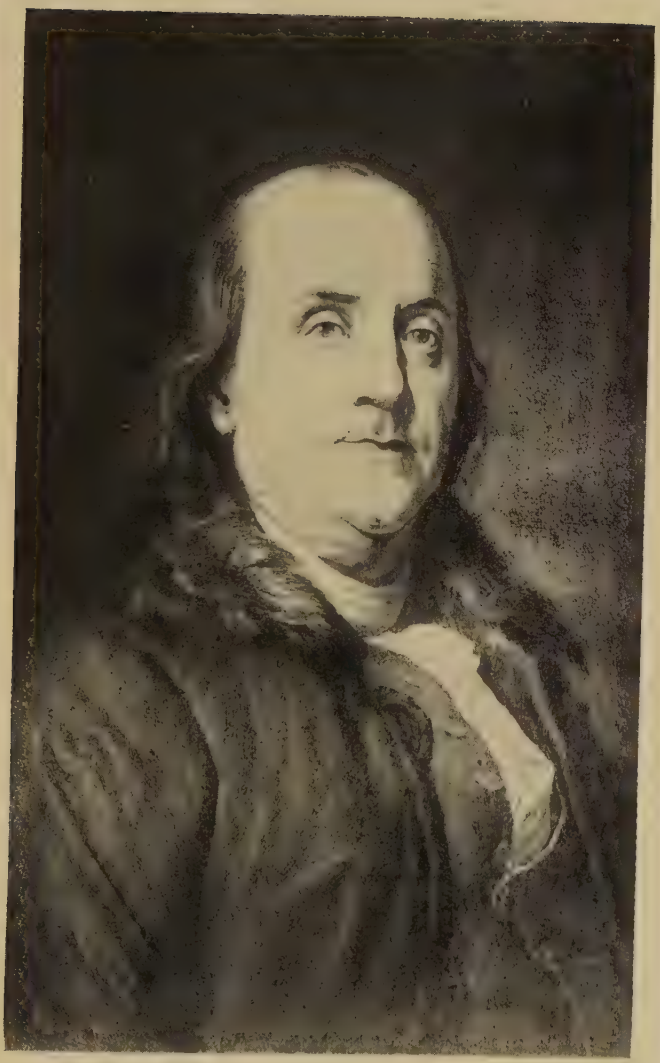
Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, "he was a blockhead;" and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, "What I mean by his being a blockhead is, that he was a barren rascal." BOSWELL. "Will you not allow, Sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, it is of very low life. Richardson used to say, that had he not known who Fielding was, he should have believed he was an ostler. Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all *Tom Jones*.

I, indeed, never read *Joseph Andrews.*" ERSKINE. "Surely, Sir, Richardson is very tedious." JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment."—I have already given my opinion of Fielding; but I cannot refrain from repeating here my wonder at Johnson's excessive and unaccountable depreciation of one of the best writers that England has produced. *Tom Jones* has stood the test of public opinion with such success, as to have established its great merit, both for the story, the sentiments, and the manners, and also the varieties of diction, so as to leave no doubt of its having an animated truth of execution throughout.

An illustration of Johnson's irritability and roughness may be found in his treatment of Goldsmith:

A question was started, how far people who disagree in a capital point can live in friendship together. Johnson said they might. Goldsmith said they could not, as they had not the *idem velle atque idem nolle*—the same likings and the same aversions. JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, you must shun the subject as to which you disagree. For instance, I can live very well with Burke: I love his knowledge, his genius, his diffusion, and affluence of conversation; but I would not talk to him of the Rockingham party." GOLDSMITH. "But, Sir, when people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of Bluebeard: 'You may look into all the chambers but one.' But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject." JOHNSON (with a loud voice), "Sir, I am not saying that *you* could live in friendship with a man from whom you differ as to some point: I am only saying that I could do it."

IV. Colonial Union. During the period we are now considering, the American colonies passed through the most critical period of their existence. They united in the cause of freedom, proclaimed the Declaration of Independence and began upon that powerful resistance which terminated in the victorious Revolutionary War. The conditions of American life were becoming better and better fitted for the cultivation of literature, and several literary centers were beginning to form, particularly in the cities of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Newspapers provided the materials for general thought and discussion, and the colonists began as a whole to gain a wider horizon and a broader intellectual outlook. They were men of no mean caliber who organized the vital forces of the colonies and produced those great documents of human liberty which are to-day recognized models throughout the world. But few of the men found time or inclination to write in the domain of pure literature. The writings of those who did, however, begin to show an American flavor, although they are scarcely to be distinguished from similar productions in England at the same time. Very few of these writers acquired any distinction, but there was one man at least who became eminent not only in the colonies but also throughout England and the continent. We refer to Benjamin Franklin, great as a scientist, great as a statesman and great as a man of literature.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
1706–1790

V. Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the seventeenth of January, 1706, the fifteenth child in a family of seventeen. At the early age of twelve he was apprenticed as printer; he learned this trade and at the same time acquainted himself with the actual work of editing a newspaper. In 1725 he went to England, where he remained for eighteen months, and on his return to America started in business for himself. In 1729 he bought the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* published it successfully, and three years later began the publication of an annual almanac, which for twenty-five years he continued to issue under the assumed name of Richard Saunders.

Concerning Franklin's scientific discoveries we have space here to say but little. However, we should remember him as the man who discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, who mapped the course of the Gulf Stream, noted the tracks of storms across the Atlantic Ocean and invented numerous household appliances which were long in use. In 1757, however, the condition of affairs in the colonies drew him away from his scientific investigations, and, being recognized as perhaps the most competent man in the colonies, he was sent to London to present their grievances and to obtain some remedial legislation. In 1771 he was again sent to protest against the Stamp Act, but, being unable to accomplish anything, he returned to America and assisted in draw-

ing up the Declaration of Independence. During the war he represented the colonies in Europe, and in 1778 was recognized by France as minister of the United States. He was instrumental in securing the assistance of the French and in establishing the treaty of 1783. After the close of the war, Franklin's health failed, and in 1790 his long life closed, after nearly a year of confinement to his bed, during which time his sufferings were extreme, but the patience and resignation with which he bore them were always admirable. His last words were uttered in a paroxysm of pain: "A dying man can do nothing easily."

VI. "Poor Richard's Almanac." Almanacs were a popular form of literature during the colonial times, and they occupied in the homes of the poorer people the position of both library and newspaper. Every one who could afford it bought an almanac once a year, and the anecdotes, scraps of information and verses which it contained were read and re-read in every little family in the land. Here is what Franklin says of his publication:

> I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually nearly ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as

inculcated industry and frugality as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly as, to use here one of the proverbs, it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.

These proverbs, which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent and reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

The following is the preface for the year 1757:

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed. For though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author of almanacs annually now for a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses, and no other author has taken the least notice of me; so that did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and besides, in my rambles, where I am not personally known I

have frequently heard one or other of my adages repeated, with *as Poor Richard says* at the end of it. This gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those sentences, I have sometimes quoted myself with great gravity.

Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant's goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for, a word to the wise is enough, and 'many words won't fill a bushel,' as Poor Richard says." They all joined, desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:

Friends and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might the more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our IDLENESS, three times as much by our PRIDE, and four times as much by our FOLLY; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us. "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their TIME, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much

more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says. "But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.

How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep? forgetting that "the sleeping fox catches no poultry," and that "there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, "wasting of time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality," since, as he elsewhere tells us, "lost time is never found again," and what we call "time enough! always proves little enough." Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy," as Poor Richard says; and "he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," as we read in Poor Richard; who adds, "drive thy business! let not that drive thee!" and

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish," as Poor Richard says, and "he that lives on hope will die fasting." "There are no gains without pains; then help, hands! for I have no lands;" or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, "he that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor;" but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are

industrious we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, "at the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them."

What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "diligence is the mother of good luck," as Poor Richard says, and "God gives all things to industry."

"Then plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep,"

says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes Poor Richard say, "one to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and further, "have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day!"

If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle," as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day! "Let not the sun look down and say, 'Inglorious here he lies!'" Handle your tools without mittens! remember that "the cat in gloves catches no mice!" as Poor Richard says.

'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for "constant dropping wears away stones;" and "by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;" and "little strokes fell great oaks," as Poor Richard says in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, "employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure;" and "since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour!" Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man

will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, "a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things." Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No! for, as Poor Richard says, "trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease." "Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they'll break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they'll follow you;" "the diligent spinner has a large shift;" and

"Now I have a sheep and a cow,
Everybody bids me good-morrow."

All which is well said by Poor Richard. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family
That strove so well as those that settled be."

And again, "three removes are as bad as a fire;" and again, "keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "if you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, "the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands;" and again, "want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, "not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the almanac says, "in the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, "learning is to the studious and riches to the careful;"

as well as "power to the bold" and "heaven to the virtuous." And further, "if you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself."

And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters; because sometimes "a little neglect may breed great mischief;" adding, "for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost;" being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for the want of a little care about a horseshoe nail!

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality if we would make our industry more certainly successful. "A man may," if he knows not how to save as he goes "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone and die not worth a groat at last." "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," as Poor Richard says; and

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy," says he in another almanac, "think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as Poor Dick says,

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

And further, "what maintains one vice would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember what Poor Richard says, "many a little makes a mickle;" and further, "beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship;" and again,

"Who dainties love shall beggars prove;"

and moreover, "fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

Here are you all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries." And again, "at a great pennyworth pause a while." He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only and not real; or the bargain by straitening thee in thy business may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths."

Again, Poor Richard says, " 'tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiced every day at vendues for want of minding the almanac.

"Wise men," as Poor Richard says, "learn by others' harm; fools scarcely by their own;" but *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half-starved his family. "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets," as Poor Richard says, "put out the kitchen fire." These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, "for one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that "a plowman on his legs is

higher than a gentleman on his knees,'' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, '' 'tis day and will never be night;'' that ''a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding'' (a child and a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent); but ''always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom.'' Then, as Poor Dick says, ''when the well's dry they know the worth of water.'' But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. ''If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some;'' for ''he that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,'' and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.

Poor Dick further advises and says:

''Fond pride of dress is, sure, a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.''

And again, ''pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy.'' When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, '' 'tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.'' And 'tis true folly for the poor to ape the rich as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

''Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.''

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for ''pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt,'' as Poor Richard says. And in another place, ''pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.''

And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"What is a butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest,
The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as Poor Richard says.

But what madness must it be to run into debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt: you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, "the second vice is lying, the first is running into debt;" and again, to the same purpose, "lying rides upon debt's back;" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. " 'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!" as Poor Richard truly says. What would you think of that prince or the government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life or to sell you for a servant if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but "creditors," Poor Richard tells us, "have better memories than debtors;" and in another place says, "creditors are a superstitious set, great

observers of set days and times.'' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. ''Those have a short Lent,'' saith Poor Richard, ''who owe money to be paid at Easter.'' Then since, as he says, ''the borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor,'' disdain the chain, preserve your freedom, and maintain your independence. Be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps, you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

''For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.''

As Poor Richard says, gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever while you live expense is constant and certain; and '' 'tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,'' as Poor Richard says; so, ''rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.''

''Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,''

as Poor Richard says: and when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure, you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

And now, to conclude, ''experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that;''

for it is true, "we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct," as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: "they that won't be counseled can't be helped," as Poor Richard says; and further, that "if you will not hear reason she'll surely rap your knuckles."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon. For the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly, notwithstanding all his cautions and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

July 7th, 1757.

VII. THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY." Franklin's *Autobiography* is so clear, so pointed, and rings so true that few narratives may be compared with it. There is no attempt at fine writing and no play given to the imagination. He has a distinct message to his reader, and he delivers it effectively. With pungent wit ready at hand, sentences unencumbered with useless words, the little book would be attractive for its style, but like all the rest of his writings,

its chief value rests in the thought it contains. Franklin was teaching all the time, and no man had more sound and healthful wisdom in every-day affairs. The following passages are taken from that most excellent work:

My father married young, and carried his wife, with three children, to New England about 1685. The conventicles being at that time forbidden by law and frequently disturbed in the meetings, some considerable men of his acquaintance determined to go to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy the exercise of their religion with freedom. By the same wife my father had four children more born there, and by a second ten others—in all seventeen; of whom I remember to have seen thirteen sitting together at his table, who all grew up to years of maturity and were married. I was the youngest son and the youngest of all the children except two daughters. I was born in Boston, in New England.

. . . . . .

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me as the tithe of his sons to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read, and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his.

. . . . . .

I continued, however, at the grammar school rather less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence I was to be placed in the third at the end of the year.

But my father, burdened with a numerous family, was unable, without inconvenience, to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownwell. He was a skillful master and succeeded in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good hand pretty soon, but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business to which he was not bred, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, because he found that his dyeing trade, being in little request, would not maintain his family. Accordingly I was employed in cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

I disliked the trade and had a strong inclination to go to sea, but my father declared against it. But residing near the water I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well and to manage boats, and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my

playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.

. . . . . .

From my infancy I was passionately fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in the purchasing of books.

. . . . . .

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, although he had already one son, James, of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England, with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded and signed the indenture when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve an apprenticeship till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made a great progress in the business and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my chamber reading the greatest part of the night when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing.

After some time a merchant, an ingenious, sensible man, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection

of books, frequented our printing-office, took notice of me, and invited me to see his library and very kindly proposed to loan me such books as I chose to read. I now took a strong inclination for poetry and wrote some little pieces. My brother, supposing it might turn to account, encouraged me and induced me to compose two occasional ballads. . . . The first sold prodigiously. This success flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by criticizing my performances and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. Thus I escaped being a poet, and probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing had been of great use to me in the course of my life and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how in such a situation I acquired what little ability I may be supposed to have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument and very desirous of confuting one another; which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice, and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, it is productive of disgusts, and perhaps enmities, with those who may have occasion for friendship. I had caught this by reading my father's books of dispute on religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at Edinburgh. . . . At this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed

before, in any suitable words that should occur to me. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual search for words of the same import, but of different length to suit the measure or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales in *The Spectator* and turned them into verse; and after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again.

I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order before I began to form the full sentences and complete the subject. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of the thoughts. By comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in certain particulars of small consequence I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. The time I allotted for writing exercises and for reading was at night, or before work began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house, avoiding as much as I could the constant attendance at public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which I still continued to consider a duty, though I could not afford time to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother being yet unmarried did not keep house, but boarded

himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconvenience, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty-pudding and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me weekly half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying of books; but I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast (which was often no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry cook's, and a glass of water), had the rest of the time till their return for study; in which I made the greater progress from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which generally attend temperance in eating and drinking. Now it was that (being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed learning when at school) I took Cocker's book on *Arithmetic*, and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease.

. . . . . .

While I was intent on improving my language I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), having at the end of it two little sketches on the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many examples of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradictions and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, made a doubter, as I already was in many points of our religious doctrines, I found this method the safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took delight in it, practiced it con-

tinually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people even of superior knowledge into concessions the consequence of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved.

I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly,* or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, *I conceive* or *apprehend* a thing to be so and so; *It appears to me,* or, *I should not think it, so or so, for such and such reasons;* or, *I imagine it to be so;* or, *It is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting. And as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to *be informed,* to *please* or to *persuade,* I wish well-meaning and sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive assuming manner that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat most of those purposes for which speech was given to us. In fact, if you wish to instruct others, a positive dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may occasion opposition and prevent a candid attention. If you desire instruction and improvement from others, you should not at the same time express yourself fixed in your present opinions. Modest and sensible men, who do not love disputation, will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. In adopting such a manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers or obtain the concurrence you desire. Pope judiciously observes:

> "Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

He also commended it to us—

"To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

Franklin's apprenticeship to his brother was not altogether pleasant. Misunderstandings arose, the elder brother was not altogether wise or merciful and Franklin's own spirit was an independent one. They quarreled, Benjamin was beaten, and only the interposition of his father kept him from running away. The brother published a newspaper, *The New England Courant,* and because of his radical utterances therein was put in prison and finally prohibited from publishing his paper. To enable Benjamin to carry on the publication his brother released him from his apprenticeship. When they quarreled again Benjamin took advantage of this fact and declared himself independent:

I sold my books to raise a little money, was taken on board the sloop privately, had a fair wind, and in three days found myself at New York, near three hundred miles from my home, at the age of seventeen (October, 1723), without the least recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and very little money in my pocket.

The inclination I had had for the sea was by this time done away, or I might now have gratified it. But having another profession and conceiving myself a pretty good workman, I offered my services to a printer of the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but had removed thence in consequence of a quarrel with the governor, George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do and hands enough already; but he said, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death;

if you go thither I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was one hundred miles further. I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, preventing our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking I reached through the water to his shock pate and drew him up, so that we got him in again. . . .

On approaching the island we found it was in a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surge on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor and swung out our cable toward the shore. Some people came down to the shore and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high and the surge so loud that we could not understand each other. There were some small boats near the shore, and we made signs and called to them to fetch us; but they either did not comprehend us or it was impracticable, so they went off. Night approaching, we had no remedy but to have patience till the wind abated, and in the meantime the boatmen and myself concluded to sleep if we could; and so we crowded into the hatches, where we joined the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray, breaking over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish and went to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drunk plentifully was good for fever, I followed the prescription and sweat plentifully most of the night. My fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to go

to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish I had never left home. I made so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway indentured servant and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded next day and got in the evening to an inn within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and finding I had read a little, became very obliging and friendly. Our acquaintance continued all the rest of his life.

At his house I lay that night, and arrived the next morning at Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday. Wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought some gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She proposed to lodge me till a passage by some other boat occurred. I accepted her offer, being much fatigued by traveling on foot. Understanding I was a printer, she would have had me remain in that town and follow my business, being ignorant what stock was necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going toward Philadelphia with several people in her. They took me in, and as there was no wind we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it and would row no further; the others knew not where we were, so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we

made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on Sunday morning and landed at Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty, from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed; but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

I walked toward the top of the street, gazing about till near Market Street, when I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made at Philadelphia. I then asked for a threepenny loaf and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr.

Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way; and coming round found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us and were waiting to go further.

Thus refreshed I walked up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so till the meeting broke up, when some one was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

VIII. "BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT." When it became apparent that the conflicting land claims of the French and English in America could not be settled peaceably, a convention of representatives from the colonies was called to consider ways of establishing friendly relations with the Indians, especially with the redoubtable Five Nations. This convention met at Albany in 1754 and adopted a Plan of Union which had been drawn up by Franklin. When the plan was submitted to the colonies, it failed to please them, as they thought it gave too much power to the King. On the other hand, the King rejected it because it gave too much

power to the colonies. Franklin's account of what followed is here given:

The British government, not choosing to permit the union of the colonies as proposed at Albany, and to trust that union with their defense, lest they should thereby grow too military and feel their own strength, suspicions and jealousies at this time being entertained of them, sent over General Braddock with two regiments of regular English troops for that purpose. He landed at Alexandria, in Virginia, and thence marched to Fredericktown, in Maryland, where he halted for carriages. Our Assembly apprehending, from some information, that he had conceived violent prejudices against them, as averse to the service, wished me to wait upon him, not as from them, but as postmaster-general, under the guise of proposing to settle with him the mode of conducting with most celerity and certainty the despatches between him and the governors of the several provinces, with whom he must necessarily have continual correspondence, and of which they proposed to pay the expense. My son accompanied me on this journey.

We found the general at Fredericktown, waiting impatiently for the return of those he had sent through the back parts of Maryland and Virginia to collect wagons. I stayed with him several days, dined with him daily, and had full opportunity of removing all his prejudices, by the information of what the Assembly had before his arrival actually done, and were still willing to do, to facilitate his operations. When I was about to depart, the returns of wagons to be obtained were brought in, by which it appeared that they amounted only to twenty-five, and not all of those were in serviceable condition. The general and all the officers were surprised, declared the expedition was then at an end, being impossible, and exclaimed against the ministers for ignorantly landing them in a country destitute of the means of conveying their stores, baggage, etc., not less than one hundred and fifty wagons being necessary.

I happened to say I thought it was a pity they had not been landed rather in Pennsylvania, as in that country almost every farmer had his wagon. The general eagerly laid hold of my words, and said, "Then you, sir, who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for us; and I beg you will undertake it." I asked what terms were to be offered the owners of the wagons; and I was desired to put on paper the terms that appeared to me necessary. This I did, and they were agreed to, and a commission and instructions accordingly prepared immediately. What those terms were will appear in the advertisement I published as soon as I arrived at Lancaster, which being, from the great and sudden effect it produced, a piece of some curiosity, I shall insert it at length, as follows:

"ADVERTISEMENT

"Lancaster, April 26, 1755.

"Whereas, one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses, are wanted for the service of his Majesty's forces now about to rendezvous at Will's Creek, and his excellency General Braddock having been pleased to empower me to contract for the hire of the same, I hereby give notice that I shall attend for that purpose at Lancaster from this day to next Wednesday evening, and at York from next Thursday morning till Friday evening, where I shall be ready to agree for wagons and teams, or single horses, on the following terms, viz.: 1. That there shall be paid for each wagon, with four good horses and a driver, fifteen shillings per diem; and for each able horse with a packsaddle or other saddle and furniture, two shillings per diem; and for each able horse without a saddle, eighteen pence per diem. 2. That the pay commence from the time of their joining the forces at Will's Creek, which must be on or before the 20th of May ensuing, and that a reasonable allowance be paid over and above for the time necessary for their traveling to Will's Creek and home again after their discharge. 3. Each wagon

and team, and every saddle or pack horse, is to be valued by indifferent persons chosen between me and the owner; and in case of the loss of any wagon, team, or other horse in the service, the price according to such valuation is to be allowed and paid. 4. Seven days' pay is to be advanced and paid in hand by me to the owner of each wagon and team or horse, at the time of contracting, if required, and the remainder to be paid by General Braddock, or by the paymaster of the army, at the time of their discharge, or from time to time, as it shall be demanded. 5. No drivers of wagons, or persons taking care of the hired horses, are on any account to be called upon to do the duty of soldiers, or be otherwise employed than in conducting or taking care of their carriages or horses. 6. All oats, Indian corn, or other forage that wagons or horses bring to the camp, more than is necessary for the subsistence of the horses, is to be taken for the use of the army, and a reasonable price paid for the same.

"Note.—My son, William Franklin, is empowered to enter into like contracts with any person in Cumberland County.

B. FRANKLIN."

"*To the Inhabitants of the Counties of Lancaster, York, and Cumberland*

"FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—Being occasionally at the camp at Frederick a few days since, I found the general and officers extremely exasperated on account of their not being supplied with horses and carriages, which had been expected from this province, as most able to furnish them; but through the dissensions between our governor and Assembly, money had not been provided, nor any steps taken for that purpose.

"It was proposed to send an armed force immediately into these counties, to seize as many of the best carriages and horses as should be wanted, and compel as many persons into the service as would be necessary to drive and take care of them.

"I apprehend that the progress of British soldiers through these counties on such an occasion, especially considering the temper they are in, and the resentment against us, would be attended with many and great inconveniencies to the inhabitants, and therefore more willingly took the trouble of trying first what might be done by fair and equitable means. The people of these back counties have lately complained to the Assembly that a sufficient currency was wanting; you have an opportunity of receiving and dividing among you a very considerable sum; for, if the service of this expedition should continue, for it is more than probable it will, for one hundred and twenty days, the hire of these wagons and horses will amount to upward of thirty thousand pounds, which will be paid you in silver and gold of the king's money.

"The service will be light and easy, for the army will scarce march above twelve miles per day, and the wagons and baggage horses, as they carry those things that are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the army, must march with the army, and no faster; and are, for the army's sake, always placed where they can be most secure, whether in a march or in a camp.

"If you are really, as I believe you are, good and loyal subjects to his majesty, you may now do a most acceptable service, and make it easy to yourselves; for three or four of such as can not separately spare from the business of their plantations a wagon and four horses and a driver, may do it together, one furnishing the wagon, another one or two horses, and another the driver, and divide the pay proportionately between you; but if you do not this service to your king and country voluntarily, when such good pay and reasonable terms are offered to you, your loyalty will be strongly suspected. The king's business must be done; so many brave troops, come so far for your defense, must not stand idle through your backwardness to do what may be reasonably expected from you; wagons and horses must be had; violent measures will probably be used, and you will be left to seek a recompense where

you can find it, and your case, perhaps, be little pitied or regarded.

"I have no particular interest in this affair, as, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do good, I shall have only my labor for my pains. If this method of obtaining the wagons and horses is not likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to the general in fourteen days; and I suppose Sir John St. Clair, the hussar, with a body of soldiers, will immediately enter the province for the purpose, which I shall be sorry to hear, because I am very sincerely and truly your friend and well-wisher.

"B. FRANKLIN."

I received of the general about eight hundred pounds, to be disbursed in advance-money to the wagon owners, etc.; but that sum being insufficient, I advanced upward of two hundred pounds more, and in two weeks the one hundred and fifty wagons, with two hundred and fifty-nine carrying horses, were on their march for the camp. The advertisement promised payment according to the valuation, in case any wagon or horse should be lost. The owners, however, alleging they did not know General Braddock, or what dependence might be had on his promise, insisted on my bond for the performance, which I accordingly gave them.

While I was at the camp, supping one evening with the officers of Colonel Dunbar's regiment, he represented to me his concern for the subalterns, who, he said, were generally not in affluence, and could ill afford, in this dear country, to lay in the stores that might be necessary in so long a march, through a wilderness, where nothing was to be purchased. I commiserated their case, and resolved to endeavor procuring them some relief. I said nothing, however, to him of my intention, but wrote the next morning to the committee of the Assembly, who had the disposition of some public money, warmly recommending the case of these officers to their consideration, and proposing that a present should be sent them of necessaries and refreshments. My son, who had some exper-

ience of a camp life, and of its wants, drew up a list for me, which I enclosed in my letter. The committee approved, and used such diligence that, conducted by my son, the stores arrived at the camp as soon as the wagons. They consisted of twenty parcels, each containing—

6 lbs. loaf sugar.
6 lbs. good Muscovado ditto.
1 lb. good green tea.
1 lb. good bohea ditto.
6 lbs. good ground coffee.
6 lbs. chocolate.
1-2 lb. pepper.
1-2 cwt. best white biscuit.
1 quart best white wine vinegar.
1 Gloucester cheese.
1 keg containing 20 lbs. good butter.
2 doz. old Madeira wine.
2 gallons Jamaica spirits.
1 bottle flour of mustard.
2 well-cured hams.
1-2 dozen dried tongues.
6 lbs. rice.
6 lbs. raisins.

These twenty parcels, well packed, were placed on as many horses, each parcel, with the horse, being intended as a present for one officer. They were very thankfully received, and the kindness acknowledged by letters to me from the colonels of both regiments, in the most grateful terms. The general, too, was highly satisfied with my conduct in procuring him the wagons, etc., and readily paid my account of disbursements, thanking me repeatedly, and requesting my further assistance in sending provisions after him. I undertook this also, and was busily employed in it till we heard of his defeat, advancing for the service of my own money upward of one thousand pounds sterling, of which I sent him an account. It came to his hands, luckily for me, a few days before the battle, and he returned me immediately an order on the paymaster for the round sum of one thousand pounds, leaving the remainder to the next account. I consider this payment as good luck, having never been able to obtain that remainder, of which more hereafter.

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some

European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before resolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my

disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people; and, though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc.,

to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements, and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, that he would post his troops on the frontiers, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Captain Orme, who was one of the general's aides-de-camp, and, being grievously wounded, was brought off with him, and continued with him to his death, which happened in a few days, told me that he was totally silent all day, and at night only said, "*Who would have thought it?*" That he was silent again the following day, saying only at last, "*We shall better know how to deal with them another time;*" and died in a few minutes after.

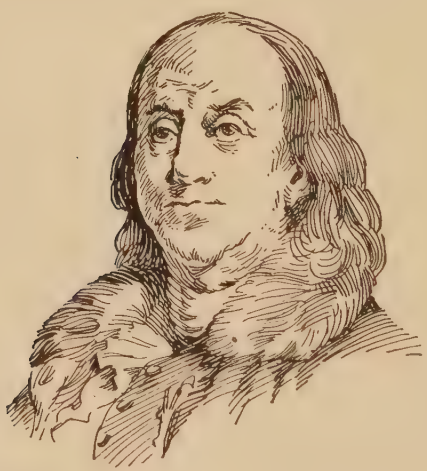
The secretary's papers, with all the general's orders, instructions, and correspondence, falling into the enemy's hands, they selected and translated into French a number of the articles, which they printed, to prove the hostile intentions of the British court before the declaration of war. Among these I saw some letters of the general to the ministry, speaking highly of the great service I had rendered the army, and recommending me to their notice. David Hume, too, who was some years after secretary to

Lord Hertford, when minister in France, and afterward to General Conway, when secretary of state, told me he had seen among the papers in that office, letters from Braddock highly recommending me. But the expedition having been unfortunate, my service, it seems, was not thought of much value, for these recommendations were never of any use to me.

As to rewards from himself, I asked only one, which was that he would give orders to his officers not to enlist any more of our bought servants, and that he would discharge such as had been already enlisted. This he readily granted, and several were accordingly returned to their masters, on my application. Dunbar, when the command devolved on him, was not so generous. He being at Philadelphia, on his retreat, or rather flight, I applied to him for the discharge of the servants of three poor farmers of Lancaster county that he had enlisted, reminding him of the late general's orders on that head. He promised me that, if the masters would come to him at Trenton, where he should be in a few days on his march to New York, he would there deliver their men to them. They accordingly were at the expense and trouble of going to Trenton, and there he refused to perform his promise, to their great loss and disappointment.

As soon as the loss of the wagons and horses was generally known, all the owners came upon me for the valuation which I had given bond to pay. Their demands gave me a great deal of trouble, my acquainting them that the money was ready in the paymaster's hands, but that orders for paying it must first be obtained from General Shirley, and my assuring them that I had applied to that general by letter, but he being at a distance, an answer could not soon be received, and they must have patience; all this was not sufficient to satisfy, and some began to sue me. General Shirley at length relieved me from this terrible situation by appointing commissioners to examine the claims, and ordering payment. They amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds, which to pay would have ruined me.

Before we had the news of this defeat, the two Doctors Bond came to me with a subscription paper for raising money to defray the expense of a grand firework, which it was intended to exhibit at a rejoicing on receipt of the news of our taking Fort Duquesne. I looked grave, and said it would, I thought, be time enough to prepare for the rejoicing when we knew we should have occasion to rejoice. They seemed surprised that I did not immediately comply with their proposal. "Why. . . !" says one of them, "you surely don't suppose that the fort will not be taken?" "I don't know that it will not be taken, but I know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty." I gave them the reasons of my doubting; the subscription was dropped, and the projectors thereby missed the mortification they would have undergone if the firework had been prepared. Dr. Bond, on some occasion afterward, said that he did not like Franklin's forebodings.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

CHAPTER XXI

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL

FOUR EARLY POETS

CHARACTERISTICS. The year 1780 has been somewhat arbitrarily set to mark the time at which the Romantic School of modern writers began to be the ruling power in English letters. The forty long years during which the self-willed George III held his throne after this, were years of most wonderful progress both in Europe and America. They saw the French people in revolution overthrow forever the feudal system that had ground them into abject submission; they saw the rise of Napoleon, and England's war with France in which Nelson at Trafalgar destroyed Napoleon's hope of invading England; they saw

Napoleon's return to power, his struggle with the allied nations and the final extinction of all his ambitions at Waterloo; they saw, too, a second war with the United States, the war in which an independent maritime and commercial existence was secured by the Western nation.

But it was not only in war and politics that the years were fertile in improvement. Liberty was secured to the press and the proceedings in Parliament were published with such criticism on governmental policy as editorial sense dictated; the slave trade was abolished, hideous prison abuses were corrected and laws against debt and crime were made more humane and reasonable. Oxygen was discovered, gas began to be used for lighting purposes and the application of steam in manufacture and navigation brought wealth to the country. Manners and customs were changing with the times and at the close of this reign men were abandoning the showy and elaborate dress of colonial times and donning the soberer garb we now see them wearing.

For ten years before his death, George III was hopelessly insane, and his son acted as regent. George IV, a dissolute spendthrift, was fifty-eight years old when his father died, but the revulsion from the tyranny of George III carried the people safely through the brief reign of so worthless a king and the great advancement in religious and civil freedom and material prosperity showed that the time had

passed when the nation could be ruled without its consent.

The son of George III, William IV, a bluff old sailor, held the throne only seven years, but those seven years were vital. If one should compare England at the accession of George III with the England that Victoria found he will marvel at the contrast and be prepared for the wonderful achievements in the literary world during that same period. Between such limits lay the work of the Romantic School.

The classic writers deified the intellect and suppressed the imagination. They found their inspiration in the city and among the artificialities of human life. The Romantic School in direct contrast drew their inspiration from nature, and the spiritual meaning of all that surrounded them became their study and their delight. The individuality of the poet was allowed full sway; to show the deep feeling and strong emotions that swept his being was no longer felt to be inartistic. Forms of expression became more varied and many classic rules were forgotten. That the writer should express the truth within him in language the people could understand and in such form that it would rouse their emotions was a cardinal principle.

As an outgrowth of this search for truth in the realm of nature, came the growing conviction of the real equality of man regardless of social distinctions. The farmer in his field, the laborer by the roadside, the artisan among his

machines became the equal in the poetic mind of the king upon the throne. Public sentiment was touched by this spirit in its bards and no small portion of the growth of popular freedom should be attributed to the songs of the poets. While these men were in a sense the product of the age, yet their brilliant powers of imagination and their genuine enthusiasm made them leaders in the movements that inspired them. The romanticist cultivated his imagination and his intellect but bound neither by rigid rules. This genuineness was a return to the Elizabethan Age, a revival of the spirit that breathed in Shakespeare and his followers.

As a necessary consequence, the form of composition changed, and prose gave place to poetry. Scott may be popular still, though even his romances seem to be losing their hold upon the younger generation. The delightful essays of Charles Lamb are read where literature is taught but are not so widely known as their merit demands. On the other hand one has only to mention the names of Burns and Scott, of Coleridge and Wordsworth, of Byron, Shelley and Keats to indicate the marvelous quantity of exquisite verse that was produced in the less than sixty years assigned to this age.

II. Cowper. The first poet to show unmistakable signs of the new awakening was the sensitive Cowper, who, however, based his early writings on classic models. Born in 1731 from the union of two excellent families, William Cowper was extremely delicate, and after his

mother's death much neglected at home. At school he was so bullied by one of his fellows that his nerves were permanently affected. At ten, however, he grew stronger and even played some of the rougher games at the Westminster School. From that time on his studies progressed much better, and in 1749 we find him in London articled to a solicitor and enjoying himself hugely with his cousins, Harriet and Theodora, daughters of Ashley Cowper. When, however, he was prevented by his uncle from marrying Harriet, he became once more gloomy and melancholy.

When his father died in 1756, Cowper began his literary career, but nine years later, dreading poverty and failure, he became insane, attempted suicide, and was confined in an asylum for about two years. Soon after his release he made the acquaintance of the Unwins, a cultivated family, at whose home he resided as a paying guest. After the accidental death of Mr. Unwin, Cowper continued to live with the wife. From that time to the end of her life the two were constantly together, except for a few occasions, when Lady Austen or his cousin, Lady Hesketh, intervened or when he was in one of his recurring fits of insanity. Even then Mrs. Unwin often watched and tended him with unremitting care. When they would have married, they were prevented by his infirmity, and so they lived till late in 1796, when she died of paralysis. It is said that after the one passionate cry he uttered when he heard of her

death, he never again spoke the name of his friend, though he lived for four years. The following sonnet was dedicated to her in 1793:

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

In the spring of 1800, after only occasional brief periods of sanity, he died, and was buried in Dereham church.

Always conscious of his weakness, never feeling himself capable of accomplishing anything, it is a wonder that he could write at all or retain the friendship of any one. Yet his gentle disposition and winning ways brought him the love of many kind and powerful individuals, who ministered tenderly to him in his dark hours and found occupation for him when the clouds left his brain.

Cowper was intensely religious by nature and, yielding himself devoutly to his beliefs, his mania often took the religious form. Many of the fine hymns he wrote in his frenzies of faith and love are still frequently heard,

such, for instance, as *God Moves in a Mysterious Way* and *There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.*

Passionately fond of animal life, Cowper found his greatest pleasure in caring for the small menagerie with which his friends provided him. His little rabbits were his favorite pets and constant companions. Following is his *Epitaph on a Hare:*

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

Cowper's charming letters are still read with delight, for he was one of the finest of correspondents. Most of his poems are cheerful or even gay and highly laughable, like his well-known *John Gilpin's Ride.*

The Task, Cowper's longest poem, was written at the suggestion of Lady Austen, though she had passed from Cowper's life before the work was completed. Says Southey: "*The Task* was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle

spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with *The Task,* are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery." The poem opens with a mock-heroic measure, from which it proceeds to rural descriptions and moral reflections, all natural, unaffected and real, much more diversified in style than those in Thomson's *Seasons.* Read, for an example, the following lines on *Rural Sounds:*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,

The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

When Cowper was fifty-six, his cousin sent to him from Norfolk a picture of his mother, who had been dead for half a century. Nothing is more characteristic of the poet than his poem, *My Mother's Picture:*

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey,—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Shortlived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;

All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Wouldst softly speak and stroke my head and smile,)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no,—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
  Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar":
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,

Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he!—
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

III. Crabbe. A curious survival of the preceding age was George Crabbe (1754–1832), a clergyman who neglected his parochial duties at times but was universally liked; he was a quaint, retiring man who was surprised at fifty-three by finding himself suddenly a fashionable literary celebrity. He has been compared to Parson Adams, and really the likeness was more than a little apparent. The publication of *The Candidate, The Library* and *The Newspaper* had been followed by twenty-five years of silence, when in 1810 there appeared *The Parish Register* and *The Borough. Tales in Verse* (1812) and *Tales of the Hall* (1819) completed his works, which, though now scarcely read, are really great studies in realism, por-

traying at times scenes of intolerable pathos. He knew there was little romance in the lives of the poor and unfortunate, and he did not hesitate to stir up the dregs of humanity to picture their degradation and vice. His style is that of Pope—the rhymed couplet—but usually it is inferior in melody, although more energetic and powerful.

This story of a betrothed pair is taken from *The Borough:*

Yes, there are real mourners; I have seen
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her weary parents sank to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed: "This once, and then the day;"
Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told

How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.
He called his friend and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message: "Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."
He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said:
"Yes, I must die"—and hope for ever fled.
Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—"Perhaps he will not sink."
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard;

She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favorite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered: "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.
She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

IV. Blake. Both artist and poet was William Blake (1757–1827), a rare genius, too, but a wayward one, with an imagination, diseased, tormented by insane visions in which he thought he met in friendly intercourse the great of past ages. His drawings and etchings were exquisite, and not less so were some of his poems. His affectionate wife, "the dark-eyed Kate," laboring with him on his pictures and poems, cared for him in his hours of weakness.

His last conscious act was to draw a fine likeness of her, who, to use his own words, "had been an angel to him."

His *Songs of Innocence,* with its wondrously sweet music, was curiously engraved on copper, with border decorations colored by the hands of himself and wife; *Poetical Sketches,* which had preceded, and *Songs of Experience,* which followed, contain some of the most exquisite of his lyrics, though the *Songs of Innocence* have been the most popular. His mystical writings, the product of his disordered imaginings, have had no influence upon literature, though they are still read by those who pretend to understand them.

The Tiger comes from *The Songs of Experience:*

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Following is the introduction to *Songs of Innocence:*

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
  So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer:"
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
  In a book that all may read"—
So he vanished from my sight;
  And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb is a bit of sentiment from the same source:

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
  Little lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb:
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
  Little lamb, God bless thee,
  Little lamb, God bless thee.

The following beautiful baby song has few equals:

"I have no name;
    I am but two days old."
"What shall I call thee?"
    "I happy am;
    Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

    Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
    Thou dost smile:
    I sing the while,
"Sweet joy befall thee!"

V. Robert Burns. One of the world's pathetic stories is that of one of her greatest masters of lyric beauty, Robert Burns, born near Ayr in Scotland, in 1759. In the thirty-seven years of his life he added to the wealth of English literature as much as any other writer has given in an equal number of years, and wrote practically all of his poems before he was twenty-seven.

His education was pitifully limited by his father's straitened circumstances, and whatever he acquired of fluency and skill in the use of English he picked up for himself from the books he could borrow or obtain in some other way. How his poems came neither you nor I can tell. They grew. They came to him as he stood by the gently flowing Ayr; they found him as he held the handles of his plow or sat at the little deal table in his humble home. If ever a poet was inspired, Burns had that favor. His verse is as universal as art could make it, his sentiment as true as the Church could wish it, and his humanity as broad as the schooled reformer could advocate.

His first volume of poems appeared when he was twenty-seven years old and was published to obtain money for his passage to the West Indies, where he had agreed to go as an assistant overseer. The book made him famous and brought him friends through whose aid he was enabled to give up his projected and unwelcome journey. Edinburgh received him with open arms and he was the welcome guest

ROBERT BURNS
1759–1796

at all homes of wealth and refinement. Success was his and wealth might have come to him but his erratic genius gave him no peace and he persisted in wild courses that brought him poverty, suffering and disgrace.

He tried farming and made a home for his wife and family, but discontent and neglect brought him to failure and want. After some years of wandering shame, wherein he learned no prudence, but caroused and joined in wild dissipations whenever he was able, he died in abject misery in 1796.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Burns had the lyric gift in its purest type, and its expression in the rough dialect of the north helped to preserve it from the conventions of form, while his abounding love for nature and its manifestation in mankind kept him close to the heart of the people. His poetry is as genuine in feeling, as faultless in form, as sane in thought as any that was ever written, and it exhibits a nervous power that enthralls the least appreciative reader. With a keen sense of the comic element and a power to bring laughter at will, he was nevertheless a master of pathos and could on occasion rise to

sublimity, as in his conception of human rights. His poetry is himself, stained perhaps by his own faults, but none the less human and enduring. The world would have been immensely the poorer without Burns, and we are led to inquire what might it have been if Burns could have conserved his genius and enjoyed the complete maturity of his powers.

VI. "The Cotter's Saturday Night." As a picture of humble pastoral life, this poem has not been excelled, and it shows the author's sympathetic heart at its best, while in simplicity, clearness, sincerity and beauty the work takes high rank in pure literature. It was inscribed to R. Aikin, Esq., a solicitor friend in Ayr, and was prefaced by the stanza from Gray:

> Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
> Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor.

The dialect in which the poem is written is Ayrshire, but it contains few words which the ordinary reader cannot easily recognize:

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aikin in a cottage would have been:
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

I

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh:
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

II

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree:
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

III

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

IV

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet:
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;

Anticipation forward points the view;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

V

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey:
"An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain, that sought the Lord aright!"

VI

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

VII

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben:
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

VIII

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

IX

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

X

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The sowpe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell—
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XI

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

XII

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIII

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heav'n's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XIV

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XV

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVI

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
The Pow'r, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in the book of life the inmates poor enroll.

XVII

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XVIII

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;

What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XIX

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

XX

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part:
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

VII. "Tam O' Shanter." The rollicking *Tam O' Shanter* is generally considered Burns's masterpiece, and it does exhibit his genius in most of its phases. One passage, and it is the jewel in the rough poem, illustrates the fact that in moralizing Burns usually dropped his dialect and wrote in pure English: "But pleasures are like poppies spread," etc. Here is the amusing poem itself:

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,

As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;[1]
While we sit bousing at the nappy,[2]
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps,[3] and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whaur sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum.[4]
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;[5]
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;[6]
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,[7]
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How many lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

[1] Road. [2] Ale. [3] Openings through a hedge.
[4] Good-for-nothing fellow. [5] Chattering fellow.
[6] That every time he carried the corn to the mill he sat to drink with the miller.
[7] Nag that needed shoeing.

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle,[8] bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,[9] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride:
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in:
And sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

[8] Fire. [9] Foaming ale.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed:
That night, a child might understand,
The de'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whaur ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the ford,
Whaur in the snaw the chapman smoored;[10]
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whaur drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whaur hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whaur Mungo's mither hanged herself.
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore[11] the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!

[10] Was smothered. [11] Crevice.

Wi' tippenny[12] we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae[13] we'll face the devil!
The swats sae reamed[14] in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na de'ils a boddle.[15]
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light;
And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
At winnock-bunker[16] in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;—
A towzie tyke,[17] black, grim, and large;
To gi'e them music was his charge:
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,[18]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl![19]
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip[20] slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;[21]
Twa span-lang, wee unchristened bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

[12] Twopenny ale.
[13] Whisky.
[14] Whirled.
[15] An old coin of little value.
[16] Window-seat.
[17] Shaggy dog.
[18] Made them scream.
[19] Shake.
[20] Spell.
[21] Irons.

As Tammie glow'red, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,[22]
Till ilka carlin[23] swat and reekit,[24]
And coost[25] her duddies[26] to the wark,
And linket[27] at it in her sark![28]

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,[29]
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen,
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ane blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams old and droll,
Rigwoodie[30] hags wad spean[31] a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,[32]
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie:
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,[33]
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark,[34] o' Paisley harn,[35]
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,

[22] Caught hold of one another.
[23] Old hag.
[24] Reeked with heat.
[25] Cast off.
[26] Clothes.
[27] Tripped.
[28] Chemise.
[29] Greasy flannel.
[30] Gallows-worthy.
[31] Wean.
[32] A crutch.
[33] Barley.
[34] Short shift or shirt.
[35] Coarse linen.

It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft[36] for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was and strang),
And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,
And thought his very een enriched;
Even Satan glow'red and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tints[37] his reason a'thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[38]
When plundering hords assail their byke;[39]
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch[40] screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam, thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane of the brig;

[36] Bought. [37] Loses. [38] Fuss.
[39] Hive. [40] Unearthly.

There at them thou thy tail may toss,—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!

For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

VIII. LYRICS OF NATURE AND SENTIMENT. Burns's lines *To a Mouse, on Turning Her up in Her Nest with the Plow, November, 1785,* is touching evidence of his love for animate creation, no less than of his forebodings. The next to the last stanza is inimitable, but the last, from an artistic point of view, might well have been omitted:

Wee, sleekit,[1] cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle![2]
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle![3]

[1] Sly. [2] Short race. [3] A scraper for cleaning a plow.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker[4] in a thrave[5]
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,[6]
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage[7] green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell[8] and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cozie, here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter[9] past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,[10]
To thole[11] the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch[12] cauld!

[4] An ear of corn occasionally. [5] Twenty-four sheaves.
[6] The others. [7] Coarse uncut grass. [8] Sharp.
[9] The sharp iron which cuts the sod before the plow.
[10] Resting place. [11] Endure. [12] Hoar-frost.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,[13]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,[14]
An' lae'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

His ode *To a Mountain Daisy,* on turning one down with a plow, is equally celebrated, and its exquisite beauty has never been eclipsed, although again the effect seems weakened by the intrusion of self-pity:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou 's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

[13] Not alone. [14] Often go wrong.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield[1]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[2] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plow-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

[1] Shelter. [2] Barren or dry.

IX. "GREEN GROW THE RASHES." For pure jollity, care-free abandon and rollicking measures, what can excel the song:

There's naught but care on every han',
In every hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 't werena for the lasses, O?

CHORUS

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent
Were spent amang the lasses, O!

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' though at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

X. SENTIMENT. The heart of Burns ran the full gamut of the human emotions, and he has expressed nearly every one by some beautiful

lyric. Full of love is the musical *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*—love for his Mary, for whom he can wish no better thing than to be sung to sleep by the murmuring stream:

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Love alone could not inspire Burns to such flights as affliction could, and so we have *Highland Mary:*

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How gently bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

But still higher flights were possible when the breaking heart cried out again in its be-

reavement. *To Mary in Heaven* is perhaps the highest expression of personal loss:

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past,
Thy image at our last embrace,—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the flowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day,

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly brooks with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

We cannot refrain from quoting, for sake of comparison, one other ode in the same vein, *To One in Paradise:*

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
"On, on!"—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For alas! alas! with me
The light of life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

John Anderson, My Jo, in its quaintness and homely beauty, will always touch the heart:

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

And friendship speaks with deep emotion in his ever-popular *Auld Lang Syne:*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered monie a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;

And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

XI. Patriotism. Burns loved the land in which he was born, and never tired of sounding her local charms, as in *The Banks of Doon:*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

But he could look at his country in a more general way, forget his own locality, and regard her Highlands as embodying all the Scotch characteristics, as in the homesick strains of *My Heart's in the Highlands:*

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Bannockburn, the stirring address of Robert Bruce to his army, voices a deeper patriotism, a more manly spirit of devotion:

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day and now's the hour—
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw!
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By our sons in servile chains!

We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do or die!

XII. THE EQUALITY OF MAN. Robert Burns sensed the essential equality of man, and was one of the first to express the feeling in an effective manner. We must not forget that we owe a heavy debt to our poets for what they have done to advance the cause of justice and equality among men, and that many of the great movements for popular freedom have been instigated and kept alive by song. Few lyrics have been more influential in England or contain a purer sentiment more powerfully and beautifully expressed than the wonderful little lyric, *For A' That and A' That:*

Is there, for honest poverty,
Wha hangs his head, and a' that!
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;

The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king of men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie, ca's a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that!

BUST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

CHAPTER XXII

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (CONTINUED)

THE LAKE POETS

THE REGION AND THE SCHOOL. In the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in the northwestern part of England, lies a picturesque region filled with low wooded mountains, charming lakes and beautiful valleys. Sca Fell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw, peaks rising upwards of three thousand feet above sea level; Windermere, Grasmere, Ullswater, Coniston Water, Rydal Water, Bassenthwaite Water and Derwentwater, exquisite little lakes; and Cockermouth, Keswick, Grasmere, Brantwood and Windermere, delightful old-time villages, have been immortalized by the gifted writers who lived in their

vicinity—first in importance Wordsworth, then Coleridge and Southey, the three whom the *Edinburgh Review* named "The Lake School of Poets." But besides them, Dr. Wilson (Christopher North), De Quincey, Arnold and Harriet Martineau also resided there in the Cumbrian Mountains and received inspiration for some of their finest writings. No other locality in England or perhaps in the world has such a wealth of literary associations or has figured so prominently in a literary revolution.

It is not easy to define a school of poetry, but in so far as possible to limit them in this instance the characteristics are those of Wordsworth, who kept close to nature, drew his subjects from humble rather than exalted stations in life, gave full range to his imagination, was not bound by fixed rules either in meter or the choice of words and was natural and true, the enemy of formalism, the champion of beauty, the medium of inspiration.

II. Wordsworth. William Wordsworth was the second son of an attorney at Cockermouth, at which place the poet was born in 1770. His mother, who died when he was but eight years old, said that he was the only one of her children for whom she felt any grave anxiety, as he was of "a stiff, moody and violent temper," a fault, however, which the young man remedied. His early education was perfected at the Hawkshead Grammar School, at seventeen he entered St. John's Col-

lege, Cambridge, and the same year in the *European Magazine* he published his first poem. Without having made the choice of a profession he left Cambridge, lived for a time in London, and then went to Paris at the time the French Revolution was at its height. Becoming deeply interested in the cause of the Girondists, he would have taken an active part in French politics, but was compelled to return to London. The execution of Louis was a terrible shock to his sensitive nature, and he lost all enthusiasm for the cause of French liberty. Tenderly attached to his sister Dorothy, he formed the design of living with her in a cottage, but was unable to carry his plans into effect until 1795, when Lord Lonsdale, son of Wordsworth's intimate friend, Raisley Calvert, gave the funds necessary to procure the small house at Racedon and surround the poet with that repose which was required by his peculiar genius. In the meantime he had published *The Evening Walk* and *Descriptive Sketches,* which, however, were too immature and formal to attract attention, though it was the former that brought him the acquaintance of Coleridge, with the encouragement and friendship he sadly needed. Dorothy Wordsworth, a writer herself, was an inspiring companion, and together with Coleridge they toured Germany in 1798–1799. Before this the friends had published *Lyrical Ballads,* which, though it contained the *Ancient Mariner,* did not meet with the reception its merit demanded.

In 1799 the Wordsworths returned to England and settled at Townsend, near Grasmere, among the scenes of his early childhood, and in the environment of all his subsequent years. In 1802 William married Mary Hutchinson, a delightfully sympathetic woman, and the three, for Dorothy remained with the newly-married couple, lived quietly together. A tour of Scotland brought them the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott and the close and inspiring friendship of Sir George Beaumont. Before Wordsworth left Townsend, four children had been born to him, and after his removal to another house, his fifth and last was born. In 1812 two of his children died, and as his house then stood near the churchyard, he abandoned Grasmere for Rydal Mount, which remained his home till his death.

Wordsworth's literary productivity, or at least the successful part of it, closed with the publication of *The Excursion* in 1814, for whatever he wrote after that date seemed to have lost its flavor and to be undeserving of continued popularity. Still the fame of the great poet continued to increase, and in 1843, after the death of Southey, he was made poet laureate, with the understanding, however, that he was to be under no obligation to write. His later years were spent in quiet retirement, broken only by such excursions as visits to friends or his love for travel inaugurated. With advancing age came personal griefs in rapid succession: he bade farewell to the dying

Walter Scott; he was called upon to mourn the death of Coleridge; he lost the precious companionship of his sister Dorothy, whose mind had failed; and his favorite daughter Dora died at Rydal. In 1850 he was seized by an attack of pleurisy and died from its effect on the anniversary of Shakespeare's death, the twenty-third of April.

III. WORDSWORTH'S GENIUS. The finest trait of Wordsworth's genius may best be described in his own words:

> Whatever the world may think of me or my poetry is now of little consequence; but one thing is a comfort of my old age, that none of my works written since the days of my early youth, contains a line which I would wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature. This is a comfort to me; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone.

The actual rank of Wordsworth among the world's poets is not of such great importance as the profound influence he had upon poesy throughout the world, but James Russell Lowell classed him as the "fifth in succession of the great English poets" and Stopford A. Brooke calls him the greatest poet of his century. Of the particular time when the *Lyrical Ballads* was published, Lowell very happily said:

> Parnassus has two peaks; the one where improvising poets cluster; the other where the singer of deep secrets sits alone,—a peak veiled sometimes from the whole morning of a generation by earth-born mists and smoke of kitchen fires, only to glow the more consciously at sunset, and after nightfall to crown itself with imperishable

stars. Wordsworth had that trust which in the man of genius is sublime, and in the man of talent is insufferable. It mattered not to him though all the reviewers had been a chorus of laughter or a conspiracy of silence behind him. He quietly went over to Germany to write more Lyrical Ballads.

Not every one will admire Wordsworth's poetry, but there are some who will care for everything he has written; still, some of his work is heavy and dull; some is childish enough to provoke a smile. His interest is so strong in the commonplace; he is so sublimely unconscious of the lack of that interest in others that occasionally he poses until he is wearisome. Thoroughly philosophical and meditative, it is only rarely that things interest him as things. It is their bearing on the problems of life and indications of a possible future life, their tangible clue to the mysteries of the labyrinth through which we are traveling that fascinates him. Close as are his observations of nature, he seldom describes objects or phenomena. He is content to draw his lesson and pass on, but with the instinct of a seer he always caught the lesson, and regardless of niceties in diction he published the results of his meditation. If they came truly and spontaneously from his heart and spoke to the hearts of others, his purpose was accomplished. Taine says:

In deep calm he listens to his own thoughts; the peace was so great within him and around him, that he could perceive the imperceptible. "To me, the meanest flower

that blows, can give thoughts that often lie too deep for tears." He saw a grandeur, a beauty, in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. He needed not, for the sake of emotion, either splendid sights or unusual actions. The dazzling glare of the lamps, the pomp of the theater, would have shocked him; his eyes were too delicate, accustomed to sweet and uniform tints. He was a poet of the twilight. Moral existence in commonplace existence, such was his object—the object of his preference. His paintings are cameos with a gray ground, which have a meaning; designedly he suppresses all which might please the senses in order to speak solely to the heart.

In his famous preface to *Lyrical Ballads,* published in 1800, he lays down in prose that itself is a model the principles that governed his composition. The following selection will give the gist of his idea:

The principal object, then, proposed in these poems was to choose incidents and situations from common life, and to relate or describe them as far as was possible in a selection of language really used by men, and, at the same time, to throw over them a certain coloring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual aspect; and further, and above all, to make these incidents and situations interesting by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, primary laws of our nature: chiefly, as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement. Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are under less restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; because in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, consequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly com-

municated; because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings, and, from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of Nature. The language, too, of these men has been adopted (purified indeed from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust) because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because, from their rank in society and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse, being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. Accordingly, such a language, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, is a more permanent, and a far more philosophical language, than that which is frequently substituted by poets, who think that they are conferring honor upon themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes, and fickle appetites, of their own creation.

The language of prose may yet be well adapted to poetry; and it was previously asserted that a large portion of the language of every good poem can in no respect differ from that of good prose. We will go further. It may be safely affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any *essential* difference between the language of prose and metrical composition. We are fond of tracing the resemblance between poetry and painting, and, accordingly, we call them sisters: but where shall we find bonds of connection sufficiently strict to typify the affinity betwixt metrical and prose composition? They both speak by and to the same organs; the bodies in which both of them are clothed may be said to be of the same substance, their affections are kindred, and almost identical, not necessarily differing even in a degree; poetry sheds

no tears "such as angels weep," but natural and human tears; she can boast of no celestial ichor that distinguishes her vital juices from those of prose; the same human blood circulates through the veins of them both.

That Wordsworth followed his poetical creed too rigidly and that in the minds of others it was not altogether productive of good is generally conceded, but its influence upon English poetry in general was incalculably beneficial. The pendulum which under Pope's guiding hand had swung so far in one direction was now returned, and that it should swing beyond the middle point was inevitable. But Wordsworth brought poetry back to nature and gave it that spirit of truthfulness, beauty and pure sentiment that in its best it has ever since retained. He will always rank as one of England's great poets and unquestionably one of the most influential.

IV. WORDSWORTH'S LONGER POEMS. It is in Wordsworth's longer poems that he shows to greatest disadvantage, and yet there are in them passages of much beauty and excellence, and a few still retain a leading position in the hearts of lovers of literature. His *Intimations of Immortality* and *Lines on Tintern Abbey* are his finest metaphysical works, and in them the truths of his creed are set forth with gorgeous descriptive power and telling metaphor.

The ode, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,* is too long for reproduction here, but we quote the fifth stanza and the two concluding ones:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

. . . . . .

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

TINTERN ABBEY

ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC RUINS IN ENGLAND, DATING FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY. THE WINDOW-TRACERY AND OTHER DECORATIONS ARE STILL BEAUTIFUL.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Of *Tintern Abbey,* written on revisiting the banks of the Wye, Wordsworth says: "I have not ventured to call this poem an ode; but it was written with a hope that in the transitions and the impassioned music of the versification would be found the principal requisites of that species of composition." The poem follows:

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then was I. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,

Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform

The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

V. WORDSWORTH'S LYRICS. It is rather difficult to classify Wordsworth's lyrics, but there are those which have nearer bonds of kinship than others. The *Lines Written in*

Early Spring is one of the most definite expressions of Wordsworth's belief that nature and man are one and of his sorrow that man has lost his faith in nature:

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

We Are Seven, which appeared in *Lyrical Ballads,* was intended to show "the obscurity and perplexity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or, rather, our utter inability to admit that notion:"

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard-cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive:
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid:
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go—
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Three years after his marriage Wordsworth drew the following exquisite portrait of his wife:

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;

And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

While in Germany in 1799, Wordsworth wrote a group of five little poems upon an unknown and perhaps imaginary Lucy, of which we quote one that is unquestionably one of the most exquisite lyrics in the language:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

The Daffodils is one of those perfect English lyrics which show an exquisite picture and draw a helpful moral inference:

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

My Heart Leaps Up is a simple poem of similar purpose:

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

In *The Solitary Reaper,* Wordsworth proves again how deep a lesson may be learned from the commonest incident in the lives of homely people:

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travelers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Some of Wordsworth's sonnets are perfect in form, beautiful in expression and exquisite in sentiment, as, for instance, the one *Composed Upon the Beach near Calais:*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me
here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine.
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

No less perfect is the sonnet *Composed Upon Westminster Bridge:*

Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Perhaps these selections may well close with his noble *Ode to Duty:*

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe:
From vain temptations dost set free:
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

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There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their
need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me
live!

VI. COLERIDGE. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834) was constitutionally awkward in manner and seemed altogether lacking in physical energy, yet he possessed a personal magnetism that drew about him a circle of friends who became almost his disciples. These men, too, were men of talent and genius—Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and others. Lamb thus wrote of the wayward poet's boyhood:

Come back into memory like as thou wast in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, logician, metaphysician, bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb*). . . . to hear

thee unfold, in thy deep, sweet intonations the mysteries of the philosophers . . . or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grayfriars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy.

Coleridge was the thirteenth child of the Reverend John Coleridge, a country vicar in Devonshire. After attending his father's school at Ottery he was at the age of ten placed at Christ's Hospital, where he made the acquaintance of Charles Lamb. In 1791 he became a sizar at Jesus College, Cambridge. Here he failed to distinguish himself except by the peculiarities of his disposition and the escapade in which he enlisted in a troop of cavalry and served with no credit to himself for four months before his parents discovered him and sent him back to Cambridge, where, however, he did not remain long enough to complete his course.

In 1795 he married Sarah Fricker, one of whose sisters was the wife of the poet Southey. Had it not been for charitable patronage, Coleridge and his family could scarcely have subsisted, for he worked intermittently and produced at that time little that the public would purchase. A great sufferer from neuralgia, he began taking laudanum for the pain and became so addicted to its use that for seventeen years he was a distressing slave to the opium habit, with all the unreliability of habitual users of the drug. Even the most pressing business engagements were neglected, his family was abandoned, and his general health neg-

lected. Again and again he promised reformation and struggled to accomplish it, but his diseased will rendered him powerless. Once when his publisher remonstrated, he wrote to the latter:

> You have poured oil in the raw and festering wounds of an old friend's conscience, Cottle!—but it is oil of vitriol. I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow, trembling not only before the justice of my Master, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer: "I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?"

During this long period, however, his friends did not desert him. He lived for a time near the Wordsworths, joined them in excursions to Germany, and finally settled near them and Southey in the lake region. Finally, he found a refuge at the house of his friend, the surgeon James Gilman, under whose care Coleridge partially regained his health and power to write. Strangely enough, in all his long debauch he never lost the power of pleasing conversation, if we may judge by the enthusiastic reports of his friends. His philosophical doctrines found ready acceptance among these devoted followers, but there were acquaintances who called him pedantic, dull and insipid. He died at Highgate, on the twenty-fifth of July, 1834, after he had, during the previous winter, written the following striking epitaph upon himself:

> Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
> And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
> A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—

Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame,
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

Besides the clearness of his thought, the brilliancy of his imaginings and the melodious rhythm of his sentences, he gave to his style a brilliancy and nervous vigor that few writers have acquired, but his influence in literature has been more profound because of the encouragement he gave to Southey and others and the stimulus his ready imagination proved to many a young and promising author.

VII. The Poems of Coleridge. To-day Coleridge is known principally by *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,* a weird poem which he began in company with Wordsworth and which was first published in that remarkable collection, the *Lyrical Ballads.* De Quincey tells us that the germ of the *Ancient Mariner* is to be found in a passage by Shelvocke, one of the famous travelers of the early century, who relates that his second captain, being a melancholy man, thought that the ill luck attending his ship was occasioned by an albatross that persistently followed it. To rid himself of the evil spirit, the captain shot the albatross, without lessening the perils and the evils of the voyage. It is said that Wordsworth suggested the punishment of hanging the dead albatross about the mariner's neck and insisted that such should be the central idea in the plot. How-

ever, it was Coleridge who worked out the idea and wrote the poem without having received from Wordsworth any further help than four or five lines. Unnatural as many parts of the poem are and irregular in style as is the meter, there are many passages of exquisite beauty, elegant phrases without number, and a weird beauty that holds the reader fascinated from beginning to end. The tale is too well known to need repetition here.

Among the brilliant fragments which Coleridge left behind him is *Kubla Khan,* which he says was composed during his sleep after he had been reading Marco Polo:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst

Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Although Coleridge never was at Chamouni, his *Hymn Before Sunrise* is deservedly popular in spite of its Ossianic style:

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life and Life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?

Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full noon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depths of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

The following lines are from *Youth and Age:*

Flowers are lovely! Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd—
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe, that Thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old!
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

VIII. Southey. Robert Southey, born in 1774, the son of a prosperous linen draper in Bristol, was a peculiar, sensitive child, who had the misfortune to be brought up, something like Rousseau's Emile, by an eccentric maiden aunt. At fourteen, already dreaming of being a poet, he entered Westminster School, from which he was expelled in 1792 for ridiculing the head-master in verse. He entered Balliol College, and while there was so fascinated by Coleridge that he joined with him in the visionary scheme of an ideal association, the "pantisocracy," which was to found in America a settlement in keeping with their advanced ideas. Lack of funds prevented the young men from carrying out their cherished plans. Previously Southey had become converted to the theory of the French Revolution, and during a few weeks composed his epic, *Joan of Arc,* which he subsequently republished in a much modified form. In November, 1795, soon after he and Coleridge had found a generous publisher in Joseph Cottle, Southey married his boyhood love,

Edith Fricker, a sister of the wife of Coleridge and also of the wife of the poet Lovell, the latter of whom, after her husband's early death, found her home with the Southeys. During a six months' stay with an uncle in Lisbon, he studied Spanish and Portuguese, in both of which languages he afterward became proficient.

In 1797 he took up the study of law in London, but finding it uncongenial abandoned it quickly, as he soon thereafter abandoned a private secretaryship, which he found very trying to his feelings. In 1803 at Greta Hall, Keswick, he composed another epic, *Thalaba, the Destroyer,* and sold the copyright to advantage. His greatest poetical work, *The Curse of Kehama,* was published in 1810; in 1813 he became poet laureate, and, it was felt, once more gave to that office a worthy incumbent. The tale of his work, both in prose and poetry, is a vast one, and gradually the feeling grew that he excelled in the former rather than in the latter.

In 1816 his beloved son Herbert died; in 1834 his wife became insane and remained so until her death four years later. Thus reduced to loneliness in Greta Hall, he married an old and valued friend, Caroline Bowles, who tended him with loving care through the breakdown that soon followed and to his death in 1843. During those years of mental feebleness he found his only joy in his books, and after he lost the power to read or to think, "he would walk slowly around his library looking at them

[his books] and taking them down mechanically," to use the words of his son. Wordsworth visited him in 1840, but Southey could not recognize his early friend. When he was told, "his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child."

Egotism and an unpleasant harshness of manner made him many enemies, but with those weaknesses there appeared few others in his character. Habitually cheerful and lively, devoted and self-sacrificing where his friends were concerned, without jealousy or littleness, patient under sorrow and pain, Southey was a man of high moral rectitude, and a singleness of purpose that reflects itself in both his poetry and his prose. Like the other two Lake Poets, his life was pure, and with them he brought back the virtues of an earlier day. Wordsworth's epitaph upon the monument to Southey in the churchyard of Crosthwaite makes a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch:

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed: and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labors of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind

By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

IX. SOUTHEY'S POETRY. The subjects which Southey chose did not correspond usually with those of his school, for they are not based upon the common interests of human life: *Roderick* is a legend of the Goths; *Madoc,* a tale of English history; *Thalaba,* an Arabian story; *The Curse of Kehama* is of Hindoo origin. Many of his poems are weird, and he often deals playfully with magic and witchcraft. A hundred years ago his works were popular with young people, but to-day few readers know anything about his verse. Perhaps, however, they remember the grotesque irony of *The Battle of Blenheim:*

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries:
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory,

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

A few readers may recall with some amusement *The Well of St. Keyne:*

A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen,
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an oak tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above,
Drops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne,
Pleasant it was to his eye;
For from cockcrow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life."

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here;"
The stranger he made reply;
"But why my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on this water a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well
Should drink, before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes,"
He to the countryman said;
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith, she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

If it seems unkind to recall an almost forgotten poet by such trifles, the interested reader may study the following extracts from *The Curse of Kehama* as an example of Southey's more serious style:

Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a-blaze
With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
Master and slave, old age and infancy
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony
Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night
Your feeble beams ye shed.
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare
Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven

With one portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.

. . . . . .

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell:
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

X. Southey's Prose. Of the hundred or more volumes of Southey's works—poems, essays, biographies, and histories,—his *Life of Nelson,* a sympathetic biography of the great naval hero, is, perhaps, the only one that still has a measure of popularity, and a well deserved one at that. The death of Nelson at the famous battle of Trafalgar in 1805 is described

in an interesting passage in Southey's best narrative style:

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty."

Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory, of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal:

"England expects every man to do his duty!"

It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

. . . . . .

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact.

From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck

where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder—about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy.

"Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became im-

patient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He surely is dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed, from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful, and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships struck."

Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that."

Then and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself.

"I am a dead man, Hardy," he said; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast"—putting his hand to his left side—"which tells me so."

And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!"

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him upon having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible

to perceive them distinctly—but fourteen or fifteen of them at least.

"That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor."

Hardy upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs.

"Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor."

His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clea ly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise.

Then, reverting to his private feelings: "Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

Hardy stood over him in silence for a minute or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned on his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone."

Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to his chaplain: "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (CONTINUED)

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND LORD BYRON

SCOTT. Walter Scott, one of a family of twelve children, was born in Edinburgh in 1771, of educated and accomplished parents, his father being a lawyer in that city. Walter was rather a sickly child, and from an illness of early years he contracted a lameness that affected him through life. Until he was eight he lived with an aunt in the country, and there acquired a taste for reading, a love of nature and an interest in old legends and tales that shaped his genius to a large extent.

Of himself, while attending the High School at Edinburgh, he writes: "I was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him." However, he threw himself into the study of romantic literature and acquired a peculiarly thorough knowledge of Italian. He was fifteen when he first met Burns, then in the height of his fame, and gained from the interview an inspiration for his future career. As he matured, however, his health improved; he became a handsome, vigorous man and developed still further those pleasing manners and traits of character that made him extremely popular among his fellows from his high school days to the end of his life.

Scott's career as a lawyer was short and unsatisfactory, for he disliked exceedingly the drudgery of the profession, began to think seriously of following literature, and in 1796 published anonymously a metrical translation from the German of Bürger's *Lenore.* For several years he engaged himself busily upon German translations, and at the end of the century published Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen.* Then for several years he was engaged in collecting materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,* but his final entry into the field of literature may be said to have been made when he published in 1805 the long narrative poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* While traveling through the Lake District,

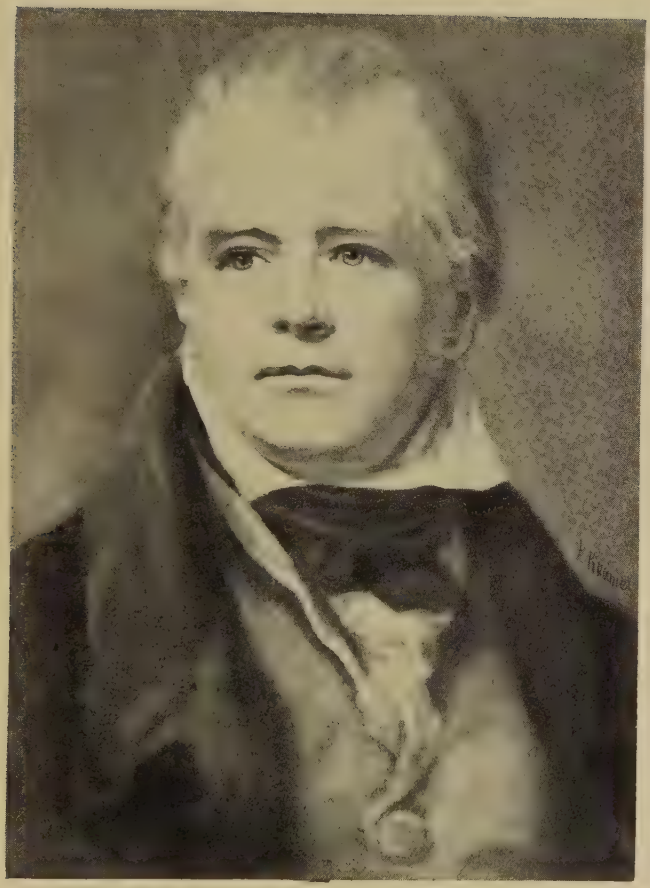
Scott had met Charlotte Margaret Charpentier, to whom he was married in 1797, and as he was becoming famous they lived either at Edinburgh, the neighboring village of Lasswade, or in their pretty new home at Ashestiel. *Marmion* appeared in 1808 and *The Lady of the Lake* a year later, and when their extraordinary success put the poet far on the road to prosperity, in 1812 he began building a new home on his estate, the famous Abbotsford, near Melrose, which is still preserved to the public with its fine library and collection of relics and curios practically as the poet left them.

His venture with the publishing house of James Ballantyne & Co., which promised well at the beginning, soon became troublesome. The affairs of the company were miserably managed, and their extravagance in issuing so many publications brought bankruptcy very near them as early as 1814. But just then Scott published anonymously *Waverley,* the first of the series known as the *Waverley Novels.* Its success was wonderful and Scott saw in it the means for saving the failing business in which he had invested his capital. Moreover, the popularity of *Waverley* gave him an opportunity to abandon without discredit the field of poetry in which, since the publication of Byron's *Childe Harold,* he saw himself no longer the brightest star.

To appreciate the fecundity of his genius and his tremendous power to work, we have

only to think that in the ten years following he produced no fewer than twenty novels of great length and complexity of plot, and dealing with a multitude of historic incidents.

The amount of money these stories brought in was unprecedented in literature, and sensible management would have saved the firm and given Scott the affluence his nature craved. But success seemed to make the firm more reckless and unreasoning. However, the appearance of the new novels, one every six months with almost unvarying regularity, did tide the business along until 1825, when the crash came and Scott saw himself bound in honor, though not legally, to an enormous debt of more than $600,000. He made no effort to avoid the payment and within a few days was at work with feverish energy to earn the immense sum with his pen. He might have succeeded in doing this, and in fact did pay a large portion of the indebtedness, but his labors were too incessant, the demands he made upon himself too strong. For five years he continued to write, though often warned by his failing powers that he was only hastening his end. Yet he worked away pathetically at his stories long after he was compelled to dictate because he could not hold a pen and until apoplexy made him wholly helpless. He was not unconscious of his waning powers nor of the inevitable consequences of his overwork, as he showed when he wrote in his diary: "The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is sin-



SIR WALTER SCOTT
1771–1832

gular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready: yet God knows I am at sea, in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain."

The nation sympathized with him and, urged by his friends, he went to the continent in a vessel the government furnished. A winter along the Mediterranean seemed to help him, but as he started homeward his strength began to fail, and when he reached his beloved Abbotsford he was too ill to do more than recognize the friends and servants who came to greet him. Lockhart, his son-in-law and most graphic biographer, says that shortly before death Sir Walter turned and said—"I may have but a minute to speak to you, my dear; be a good man—be virtuous,—be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." These were nearly his last words, though he lived for several days in stupor. By the aid of friends Abbotsford had been saved to the family, as Scott knew, so that when on the 21st of September, 1832, the end came, he died a free man. "It was a beautiful day," says Lockhart, "so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

He was laid to rest in Dryburgh Abbey, formerly owned by his ancestors. "The day was

dark and lowering, and the wind high. The wide enclosure at the abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand throats."

His laborious life shows the dominant force of his character, but nothing has been said of his courtly hospitality to the hundreds of people who came, many of them great distances, to see him, and whom he entertained as generously as though they were friends of a lifetime. Nothing has been said of his entertaining conversation in which the treasures of his extraordinary memory were brought into view and enlivened by his ready wit and genial nature, which never permitted him to be unkind or caustic in his speech, however much the foibles of mankind might invite criticism. His was a nature full of love and sympathy. This was manifest not only in his veneration for the past and the achievements of his race, but also in his devotion to his relatives, his personal family and the servants of his household. Akin to this sentiment was his great fondness for animals, which led him to surround himself with pets of all kinds and especially with dogs, for some of which he had a fondness approaching that for his own family.

Scott's acquaintance with the great men of his time was extended and intimate. Wordsworth was a guest of Scott while the latter was writing *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* and the

friendship then established remained cordial and intimate till the end of Scott's life. Southey was also a guest at Ashestiel, and Washington Irving, Thomas Moore and Henry Hallam were among the men who visited the author at Abbotsford. He and Byron exchanged gifts and each had a high regard for the genius of the other. Byron wrote: "I think that Scott is the only very successful genius that could be cited as being as generally beloved as a man as he is admired as an author; and, I must add, he deserves it; for he is so thoroughly good-natured, sincere, and honest that he disarms the envy and jealousy his extraordinary genius must excite."

It is difficult to say just what is the most prominent characteristic of Scott's writing. Perhaps it is the vigorous and rapid movement, the intense, fiery energy of prose and poetry alike. He was, it is true, a close observer of nature and to that insight he added the power to delineate in brilliant colors whatever he saw. He was dramatic, too, and made his characters speak and act their parts like men and women. Doubtless there are among the hundreds of persons who throng his pages many who can claim little as positive creations, but Jeanie Deans and a few others are as certainly living realities. He was a devout admirer of woman, and drew his love scenes with passionate intensity. However, he never lost himself in metaphysical by-ways nor had he the power of spiritual analysis. He was a story-teller, a

romancer pure and simple, to whom the occult and supernatural were, if necessary, realities in the elaboration of his plots. He gave to the world a new literature and made for himself an imperishable name by writings so vivid and entertaining that the wisest have been charmed by them, and so pure in sentiment that he could truthfully say he had never written a line he wished to recall.

II. The Poetry of Scott. Scott wrote six long narrative poems, each separated into cantos and varied by descriptions, songs and unusual devices to relieve the monotony. The first three poems were extraordinarily popular, but *Don Roderick, Rokeby,* and *The Bridal of Triermain* successively met with less favor, and Scott must have recognized the fact that he had worked the vein almost to exhaustion.

1. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a weird story of the sixteenth century represented as told by an old border minstrel, who is described as follows:

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old;
> His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
> Seemed to have known a better day;
> The harp, his sole remaining joy,
> Was carried by an orphan boy.
> The last of all the bards was he
> Who sung of Border chivalry;
> For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
> His tuneful brethren all were dead;
> And he, neglected and oppressed,

Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

There are numerous quotable passages in the poem, like the following stanza from the third canto:

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

The first stanza of the last canto is well known, but is never wearying in its fine patriotic fervor:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite his titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

2. *Marmion,* by many considered his strongest poem, has been as popular as *The Lady of the Lake,* though it is a stirring tale of the battle of Flodden Field that rings with the sound of martial music and burns with human passion and the fiery ardor of battling hosts. The two opening stanzas are picturesque indeed:

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow luster shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.

The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

The poem was written at Ashestiel, and in the introduction to one of the cantos Scott thus describes his surroundings:

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear;
Late, gazing down the steepy linn
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Bawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with double speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

In *Marmion* may be found Lady Heron's famous song, *The Young Lochinvar:*

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung;

"She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

3. *The Lady of the Lake* is the most picturesque and on the whole the most interesting, as it is the most popular, of the group. Sir John Mackintosh writes:

The subject is a common Highland irruption; but at a point where the neighborhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.

The following wild *Coronach,* or funeral wail, is one of the lyrics:

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
  Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correl,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

In Canto III, Allan-bane, with harp attuned to sacred minstrelsy, accompanies "Ellen or an angel" while she sings the exquisite *Hymn to the Virgin:*

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
  Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
  Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
  Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
  Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria! undefiled!
  The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
  If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
  Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!
Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

This thrilling *Boat Song* is from the same poem:

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again.
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain
The more shall Clan Alpine exult in her shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow:
Menteith and Breadalbane, then
Echo his praise again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen pine!
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

From Canto I is taken the *Soldier, Rest,* another exquisite lyric:

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying:
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

The eloquent invocation to the *Harp of the North* is also from the same poem:

Harp of the North, farewell! the hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending
And the wild breeze thy wilder minstrelsy,
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echoes from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou minstrel harp.
Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp,
May idle cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way;
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone,
That I survive such woes, Enchantress, is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some spirit of the air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell:
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now 'tis silent all! Enchantress, fare-thee-well!

4. We have quoted a number of lyrics, each full of music and eloquent of sentiment, and in doing so may have given the casual reader the erroneous impression that the narratives themselves are inferior. As a matter of fact, they are spirited recitals, with well developed plots that enthrall the reader's attention. In battle scenes and personal combats, Scott's power of description is as remarkable as it is freely used. The battle of Bannockburn furnished him with a subject for one of the best passages in *The Lord of the Isles:*

Now onward and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew;
Dark, rolling, like the ocean-tide
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide

To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trod;
The men at arms behind them rode,
And midmost of their phalanx broad,
The monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deemed that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.
De Argentine attends his side,
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride;
Selected champions from the train
To wait upon his bridle rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
At once, before his sight amazed,
Sunk banner, spear and shield.
Each weapon-point is downward sent;
Each warrior to the ground is bent.
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!
For pardon they have kneeled."
"Aye, but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon seek than ours.
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands
And blesses them with lifted hands.
Upon the spot where they have kneeled,
These men will die or win the field."
"Then prove me, if they die or win,
Bid Gloster's earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,
Just as the northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepped each yeoman forth apace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring.

At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
  Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot.
  As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing,
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
  Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide.
Woe! woe! to Scotland's bannered pride,
  If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
  The Scottish chivalry:
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane.
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gained the plain.
  Then—"Mount, ye gallants free!"
He cried; and vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shields hang down from every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
  And loud shouts Edward Bruce—
"Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe,
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
  And cut the bow-string loose."

Then spurs were dashed in chargers' flanks,
They rushed among the archer-ranks,
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set;
And how shall yeoman's armor slight
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail
'Gainst barbed horse and coat of mail?

Amid their ranks the chargers spring,
High o'er their head the weapons swing;
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Gave note of triumph and of rout!
A while, with stubborn hardihood,
The English hearts the strife made good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compelled to flight, they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee.
The broken bow of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry Maypole now,
The maids may twine the summer bough;
May northward look with loving glance
For those that wont to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'er ta'en,
Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

III. SCOTT'S NOVELS. It is said that when Scott read Byron's *Giaour* he remarked in his naturally generous way, "Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow," and as the public seemed to partake of the same opinion, Scott may have been incited to turn from poetry to prose. At any rate, he brought forth the beginnings of a novel upon which he had been at work several years before, but which had never been completed, and in the evenings of three weeks in a busy summer he completed the famous *Waverley*. Most of the novelists of this epoch were women (Mrs. Edgeworth, Mrs. Radcliffe, Jane Austen and others), and they had held their position ably

against their male competitors until *Waverley* appeared. Then for sixteen years, until thirty-two novels had been published, this amazing Waverley series continued to astonish and delight the people; historical novels, covering time from the eleventh century to the beginning of the nineteenth; located in England, Germany, France and the Far East; filled with hundreds of persons representing every walk in life, every condition of society, and every phase of character. A more wonderful and comprehensive piece of work was never undertaken. In so varied an assortment it is not to be expected that the reader will find all equally excellent, but nearly every person who has read the Waverley novels grows enthusiastic over some, perhaps a half dozen, *Ivanhoe, The Heart of Midlothian, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Antiquary, Anne of Geierstein, Guy Mannering* and *The Talisman,* being, perhaps, those most frequently selected as the best, though some readers would unquestionably doubt perhaps the whole list except *Ivanhoe,* the one universally read.

Kenilworth takes for the base of its plot the visit of Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester at his castle of Kenilworth, and the dramatic climax of the plot is the meeting between the Queen and Amy Robsart, the mistress and the wife in secret of the Earl. The meeting takes place in a garden where the Queen is walking and into which Amy has come on a stolen visit, unknown to her husband:

Then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose a pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recesses of the grotto. As she advanced she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, although her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the person she really was. Amy had risen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster column against which she leaned. Her dress was a pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of some Grecian nymph, such a disguise having been thought the most secure where so many maskers and revelers were assembled, so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by her bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that this beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the theatrical pageants, which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage; and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through with it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: "How now, fair nymph of this lovely

grotto; art thou spell-bound, and struck with dumbness by the charms of this wicked enchantress, whom men term Fear? We are his common enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen; let the casket fall from her hand, and clasping her hands together, looked up in the Queen's face in such an agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said: "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion; stand up, damsel; what would'st thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered the petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen: "but your distress seems to have deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers which surrounded her without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amid the chaos which filled her mind, she could, to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the supplicant which irritated her curiosity as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man won't tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft and receive no answer."

"I request, I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, "I beseech your gracious protection—against—against—one—Varney." She choked, well-nigh, as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What Varney? Sir Richard Varney, the servant of Lord Leicester? What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner, and he practiced on my life, and I broke forth to—to——."

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy—for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, "thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me, forgive me, most gracious princess," said Amy, dropping once more on her knee.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see, I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou dids't deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it, and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung to her feet, and interrupted the Queen, eagerly, with "No, madame, no! as there is a God above us, I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction."

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy! woman—I see thou can'st talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was added that of undefined suspicion that some deception had been practiced on her—"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I *will* know, whose wife, or whose paramour, art thou. Speak out and be speedy. Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw, but could not avoid, permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter

astonishment, "the Earl of Leicester," she repeated, with kindling anger, "woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord and the truest-hearted gentleman in England. But were he the right hand of my own trust, or something dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing and that in his presence; come with me, come with me, instantly!"

As Amy shrank back in terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as conscious guilt, Elizabeth hastily advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the center of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place to attend the commands of her Majesty, when the hunting-party should go forward; and their astonishment may be imagined, when instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware, and then observed with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed between anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII mounted highest in his daughter; nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, extenuated, half-dead, and yet lovely female whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.

"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around; "Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear, blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had at that instant been receiving, with a politic affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning—the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations upon the favor of the Queen; carried, apparently, to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning, from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed these inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passion excited to the uttermost, and supporting with one hand, and apparently without effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded in the ears of the astounded statesman like the last trumpet call—that is to summon body and soul to the judgment-seat—*"Knowest thou this woman?"*

Jeanie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian* is one of the finest characters in fiction, and perhaps the strongest and most human that Scott ever drew. To save the life of her unfortunate sister, who had been condemned to death, Jeanie Deans has gone up to London to intercede with the Queen. The following is Scott's account of the interview:

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which

were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought "her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours."

"If your leddyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed that the disputes between George II and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She colored highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offense she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, "My unlucky *protégée* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success."

Lady Suffolk good-humoredly and skillfully interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-session—that is—it's the —it's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "The Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she traveled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and, I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but I suppose my lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?"

"No, madam," said the Duke, "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers

of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?''

''No, madam,'' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

''But I suppose,'' continued the Queen; ''if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?''

''I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,'' answered Jeanie.

''Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,'' replied her Majesty.

''If it like you, madam,'' said Jeanie, ''I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kenned what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that

we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "*I* cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude: but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her

back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

The influence of the Waverley novels upon the intellectual life of the country was tremendous: they created an absorbing interest in the neglected history of Scotland; they quickened the romantic movement in England; in France they were astonishingly popular, and aroused the romantic spirit in such writers as Hugo, De Musset and Gautier, and such painters as Diaz, Corot, and Millet; and in Germany by some of her ablest writers also they were heralded as the beginning of a new era.

IV. Lord Byron. Lord Byron could trace his ancestry in an unbroken line of nobility to the days of William the Conqueror. His father was a vicious spendthrift who ruined himself and his estate and then married an heiress whom he abandoned as soon as he had squandered her property. She was a passionate, half-crazed woman whose violent temper, intense pride and extravagant fondness led her to treat her son outrageously. Sometimes she was affectionate, again cruel and resentful; she petted him at one moment and sneered at his club foot in another. In forming any judgment of the poet these facts of his parentage and childhood should be remembered.

George Gordon was born in London, January 22, 1788. At the age of ten, by the death of his cousin he became Lord Byron and removed with his mother from Aberdeen to Newstead Abbey, which had long been in the pos-

session of the family. He was in school at Harrow from 1801 to 1805, and the master of that school says of his pupil: "I took my young disciple into my study and endeavored to bring him forward by inquiries as to his former amusements, employments, and associates, but I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been submitted to my management. But there was mind in his eye. His manner and temper soon convinced me that he might be led by a silken string to a point, rather than by a cable; and on that principle I acted."

In his *Childish Recollections,* Byron speaks of this Dr. Drury as—

> The dear preceptor of my early days
> The pride of science and the boast . . .
> With him for years we searched the classic page
> And feared the master though we loved the sage.

At this school Byron was at first unpopular but finally became noted as a wide reader, as a leader in the athletic sports of the boys, and as the admired friend of many of his classmates. His own attachment to some of these boy friends he described in the poem quoted above.

He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1805 and remained there two years. The mood in which he entered may be gathered from what he says: "When I first went up to College it was a new and heavy-hearted scene for me; firstly, I so much disliked leaving Harrow that, though it was time (I being seventeen), it broke my very rest for the last quarter with counting the days that remained. I always

LORD BYRON
1788–1824

hated Harrow till the last year and a half, but then I liked it. Secondly, I wished to go to Oxford and not to Cambridge. Thirdly, I was so completely alone in this new world that it half broke my spirits. My companions were not unsocial, but the contrary—lively, hospitable, of rank and fortune and gay far beyond my gayety. I mingled with, and dined and supped, etc., with them; but, I know not how, it was one of the deadliest and heaviest feelings of my life to feel that I was no longer a boy."

Here his proud and aristocratic nature manifested itself in arrogant bearing and contemptuous manners, but he still was a leader in athletics and in the wilder dissipations of college and city life. He had no one to restrain him, he was wholly free to follow his own inclinations and had means to gratify his tastes. Small wonder that he gained little genuine good from his college career or that he left it without regret and possessed by a dislike for the university and its teachings.

His first volume of poems was published while he was at Cambridge. Among these poems was the stanza *Damaetas,* in which he described himself, or what he thought himself to be, proud, cynical, wicked, doubter of everything from man's integrity and woman's virtue to the wisdom and goodness of God. From this point of view this youthful stanza becomes interesting:

In law an infant, and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;

From every sense of shame and virtue weaned;
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy while yet a child;
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool;
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damaetas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal where others just begin;
And still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl,
But, paled with vice, he breaks the former chain,
And what was once his bliss appears his bane.

This first volume received from the critics and reviewers such scathing criticism that his fiery temper was roused and he wrote his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,* a most bitter and intemperate satire hurled against literary men indiscriminately. Afterwards he admitted the injustice of many parts of it but his resentment never fully subsided. Some idea of the character of this poem may be gained from his criticisms of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge:

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review:
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race;
Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode;
And tales of terror jostle on the road;
Immeasurable measures move along;
For simpering folly loves a varied song,
To strange mysterious dullness still the friend,
Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.
Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!—
On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast.

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,
That dames may listen to the sounds at nights;
And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten foolish babes, the Lord knows why;
While high-born ladies in their magic cell,
Forbidden knights to read who cannot spell,
Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And thinkest thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sere, their former laurels fade,
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be thy meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long "good night to Marmion."

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;
These are the bards to whom the muse must bow;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallowed bays to Walter Scott.

. . . . . .

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,

The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favorite May,
Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble
And quit his books, for fear of growing double;"
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the truth sublime.
Thus, when he foretells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy;"
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and timid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still Obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays, the laureate of the long-eared kind.

Soon after the publication of this satire he went abroad and for two years traveled in Europe. During this time he gathered the material for the first two cantos of *Childe Harold,* which were published after his return to England. In 1812 he entered Parliament, only a few days before *Childe Harold* appeared from the press. Moore says: "His fame had not to

wait for any of the ordinary gradations, but seemed to spring up, like the palace of a fairy tale, in a night." He remained in England about four years, admired, petted and praised. "As for poets, I have seen all the best of my time and country; and though Burns had the most glorious eye imaginable, I never thought any of them could come up to an artist's notion of the character, except Byron. His countenance is a thing to dream of." Such was the verdict of Sir Walter Scott and it was accepted by all who saw the beautiful face of the young cynic. But his reckless and dissipated life and his indecent verses were undermining his popularity and preparing the public to turn against him.

In 1815 he married, and a year later, after the birth of a daughter, his wife left him and subsequently procured a divorce. The real reason or immediate cause has never become known, but there was doubtless justification enough in his immoral life. The people turned from him as suddenly as they had come to him, and life in England became insupportable. Accordingly, in 1816 he returned to the continent, never to revisit his native land.

He moved about from place to place, forming new friendships and continuing some old ones but in no way changing or improving his unhappy mode of life. Still it was the period in which his poetic genius reached its most brilliant point. He wrote a number of powerful dramas, several metrical romances and many

miscellaneous poems. Of these, *The Dream,* written soon after his wife left him, recalls in beautiful verse an earlier love.

In August, 1823, Byron sailed for Greece, in whose cause he had become deeply interested. He was received with great enthusiasm, and hoped to accomplish more even than he had done in literature, by assisting the Greeks to secure their freedom. But in April of the next year he contracted a fever from exposure in a heavy storm, and died ten days later at Missolonghi. The Greeks would have buried him with honor, but his body was embalmed and taken to England, where since interment in Westminster Abbey was refused it, it was laid in the parish church of Hucknall.

V. Byron's Poems. Byron aided the Romantic movement unconsciously, yet nevertheless surely, for he was the great champion of the right of an individual to express himself, his emotions and his passions without restraint. The immorality of his life and the license of his poetry, in contrast to the purity of Wordsworth and Scott, conspired to rob him of a greater popularity; the verdict of time proves to be that his plays and longer poems are not the highest type of poetry but that they contain some matchless passages. Aside from his influence on other and better writers his great claim on posterity rests upon the minor lyrics and the lyrical passages in his longer poems. At this day, the following extract from Macaulay's essay on Lord Byron is significant:

It is hardly too much to say that Lord Byron could exhibit only one man and only one woman—a man proud, moody, cynical, with defiance on his brow and misery in his heart, a scorner of his kind, implacable in revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection; a woman all softness and gentleness, loving to caress and to be caressed, but capable of being transformed by passion into a tigress. Even these two characters—his only two characters—he could not exhibit dramatically. He exhibited them in the manner, not of Shakespeare, but of Clarendon. He analyzed them; he made them analyze themselves, but he did not make them show themselves. We are told, for example, in many lines of great force and spirit, that the speech of Lara was bitterly sarcastic, that he talked little of his travels, that if he was much questioned about them, his answers became short and his brow gloomy. But we have none of Lara's sarcastic speeches or short answers. It is not thus that the great masters of human nature have portrayed human beings. Homer never tells us that Nestor loved to relate long stories about his youth. Shakespeare never tells us that in the mind of Iago everything that is beautiful and endearing was associated with some filthy and debasing idea . . . Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of *scorn, misanthropy, and despair.* That Marah was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such a variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year and month after month he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment; if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. There can be no doubt that this remarkable man owed the vast influence which he exercised over his contemporaries at least as much to his gloomy *egotism* as to the real power of his poetry.

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Among the large class of young persons whose reading is almost entirely confined to works of imagination the popularity of Lord Byron was unbounded. They bought pictures of him; they treasured up the smallest relics of him; they learned his poems by heart, and did their best to write like him, and to look like him. Many of them practiced at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip and the scowl of the brow which appeared in some of his portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths in imitation of their great leader. For some years the Minerva press sent forth no novel without a mysterious, unhappy, Lara-like peer. The number of hopeful undergraduates and medical students who became things of dark imaginings, on whom the freshness of the heart ceased to fall like dew, whose passions had consumed themselves to dust, and to whom the relief of tears was denied, passes all calculation. This was not the worst. There was created in the minds of many of these enthusiasts a pernicious and absurd association between intellectual power and moral depravity. From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew up a system of ethics, compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness—a system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife. This affectation has passed away, and a few more years will destroy whatever yet remains of the magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man, young, noble and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer; and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers without regard to his rank or to his private history.

Byron's influence on the people and literature of his own land was unquestionably great, but it was far greater on the continent. In France he was a power in bringing to the literature of that country the Romantic spirit which was animating England; for Italy and

Southern Europe he was the apostle of freedom; and in Germany, Poland and Russia his gloomy views and dark imaginings found ready foothold. No other Englishman of his age was so widely known and so generously idolized.

VI. A FEW SELECTIONS. *Childe Harold,* probably the finest of Byron's longer poems, closes abruptly with the magnificent *Apostrophe to the Ocean:*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar

Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And I trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

In Brussels three days before the battle of Waterloo the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball, which was attended by Wellington and other British officers. In the third canto of *Childe Harold,* Byron inserts the following wonderful descriptive poem on *Waterloo:*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe, they come!
they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass

Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—on one red burial blent!

The following little lyric with its insistent refrain of "My life, I love you" is a musical example of erotic poetry:

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

Maid of Athens! I am gone:
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul;
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Ζωη μου, σας αγαπω.

Another exquisite love-lyric is the following, *She Walks in Beauty:*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

The following is an example of faultless meter as well as a highly poetic narrative of an incident related in the nineteenth chapter of *II Kings.* It is one of the poems of the *Hebrew Melodies* and appears under the title *The Destruction of Sennacherib:*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
Where the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

OLD BRIDGE

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (CONTINUED)

SHELLEY AND KEATS

SHELLEY. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) lived a little less than thirty years, but in that brief time he made for himself an enduring name. His was a sad life, a life of constant opposition to society and religion, and full of suffering for himself. He had neither sympathy nor decent treatment at his home, and at Eton, where he went at the age of twelve, he was the butt of all the heartless pranks his playmates could invent, and his fiery temper and obstinate disposition placed him wholly at the mercy of his boyish tormentors. A beautiful face, charming manners and a sympathetic and generous nature were an endowment that should have made him beloved by every one.

As he grew older and entered college his avowed atheism brought him the distrust of his

friends, the contempt of his family, broke off his first attachment to a beautiful cousin, and finally on the publication of a pamphlet setting forth his views on the *Necessity of Atheism,* summarily expelled him from Oxford. He never learned discretion in expressing his views, but seemed possessed of a fatal facility in advocating them at the most inopportune times. One writer says of him, "He had faith in the gospel of liberty, fraternity, equality; faith in the divine beauty of nature; faith in a love that rules the universe; faith in the perfectability of man; faith in the omnipresent soul, whereof our souls are atoms; faith in affection, as the ruling and co-ordinating substance of morality."

But in the application of his tenets he violated most of the sacred laws of home and family. His first wife, the daughter of a tavern-keeper, was sixteen, when at the age of nineteen, Shelley, the heir to a baronetcy, eloped with her. A few years sufficed to show that they were not fitted to be happy together, and though they had one beautiful child, Shelley deserted them and united himself to Mary Godwin, whom in after years he married. His first wife, driven to desperation by this desertion and her own subsequent frailty, drowned herself in the Serpentine River in London. Shelley tried to obtain his children (a second was born shortly after the separation) but the English courts refused to give them to an atheist with such wrong opinions on marriage.

The latter years of his life were spent in Italy, where the Shelleys and several dependents lived together. In one of his yachting trips on the Mediterranean a sudden squall wrecked his boat, drowning himself, his friend and the boy with them. Their bodies were after a time cast upon the shore, but the authorities refused to allow them to be removed. The poet's body was cremated in the presence of his friend Byron and others. Curiously enough, his heart did not burn. His ashes were buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, where they yet repose.

For Lord Byron, Shelley held the warmest friendship and the most ardent admiration. Their intimacy influenced both, and after the latter's death Byron wrote: "There is another man gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly and ignorantly and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps, do him justice now when he can be no better for it."

A Captain Kennedy truthfully describes Shelley in these words: "His eyes were most expressive; his complexion beautifully fair, his features exquisitely fine, his hair was dark, and no peculiar attention to its arrangement was manifest. In person he was gentlemanlike, but inclined to stoop; his gait was decidedly not military. There was an earnestness in his manner and such perfect gentleness of breeding and freedom from everything artificial as charmed every one. I never met a man who so immediately won upon me."

His *Ode to the West Wind* is a fine poem; *The Cloud,* a dainty piece of workmanship; *Stanzas in Dejection,* as perfect in unity of sentiment as a lyric can be; and the *Ode to a Skylark* is one of the most musical poems ever written. His longer works are noted for their polish and delicate sentiment. With so much done, regret is universal that he could not have lived to reach the maturity of his powers.

Matthew Arnold thus concludes an essay on Dowden's life of Shelley:

> But let no one suppose that a want of humor and a self-delusion such as Shelley's have no effect upon a man's poetry. The man Shelley, in very truth, is not entirely sane, and Shelley's poetry is not entirely sane either. The Shelley of actual life is a vision of beauty and radiance, indeed, but availing nothing, effecting nothing. And in poetry no less than in life, he is a beautiful and *ineffectual* angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain.

II. SELECTIONS FROM SHELLEY'S POEMS. The English skylark, which is not native to this country, is one of the finest songsters, and its peculiar habit in early morning of singing as it mounts in long spiral flight attracts the undivided attention of every one who happens to see it. Many a poet has written in praise of the matchless song, but none with the liquid beauty of Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark:*

> Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
> Bird thou never wert,
> That from heaven, or near it,
> Pourest thy full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenaeal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream!

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

The Cloud is another exquisite nature lyric:

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.
I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

Ozymandias, a sonnet, is as follows:

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear—
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

The fierce criticism with which the poems of Keats were assailed roused the sympathy of Shelley, who assumed that the former's death was hastened by his grief; after Keats had died, the elder poet wrote *Adonais,* one of the finest elegies in the language. From Shelley's preface to the poem we take the following passage:

John Keats was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city (Rome) under

the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now moldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where canker-worms abound what wonder if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his *Endymion,* which appeared in the *Quarterly Review,* produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind. The agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued; and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound wantonly inflicted.

The monotonous rhythm of the Spenserian stanza in which *Adonais* is written adds to the solemnity of the dirge. The following extracts are typical, both of the measure and the sentiment of the poem:

All he had loved, and molded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aërial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,

Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:— a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odor, the sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

. . . . . .

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms and unprofitable strife;
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own:
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

III. KEATS. Not long before his death, John Keats (1795–1821) wrote: "If I should die, I

have left no immortal work behind me, nothing to make my friends proud of my memory, but I have loved the principle of beauty in all things, and if I had had time I would have made myself remembered." He is remembered, is famous, and the other sentence he framed as he lay dying, the epitaph on his tombstone in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, is as mistaken as the fear that prompted it: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." He was not twenty-six years of age when he died, but he had written a few perfect poems and had exerted a permanent influence on the poetry of his language.

What a mournful tragedy his life was! His father was a hostler in a livery stable, and Keats's boyhood was passed in London. His parents were ambitious for their children, but died when John was a boy. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, but disliking surgery immensely he quarreled with his master just before the expiration of his term. At nineteen all his interests centered in poetry, and at twenty-one he decided to devote himself exclusively to it.

Always delicate in health and nervous in temperament, he undertook everything forceful at the highest tension and in a manner most unsatisfactory to himself. He was an extremist in everything and his inability to accomplish what his ambition prompted was a source of constant irritation. But it was an irritation with himself that never reacted upon his

friends, and no one ever had friends whose devotion was so absolute and unselfish. "Sensitiveness and self-analysis were striking characteristics and though he often resolved to free himself from his morbid musings he could not throw off their thrall."

A long pedestrian trip through the English lake region and Scotland, taken with the hope of improving his health, was too arduous an undertaking and brought on the first symptoms of his fatal malady. On his return he nursed a brother through a fatal illness and suffered acutely in his sympathetic soul.

About this time he met a young woman with whom he fell desperately in love, whose image haunted him always and to whom he addressed passionate letters in his absence. Tormenting himself with his high aspirations which he felt he could scarcely realize, hounded by heartless critics who sneered at his pretensions and ridiculed his poetry, passionately in love but too proud to accept assistance and too sincere to marry with no assured income, and facing the certainty of ill health, is it any wonder that life was a burden to him and that when the first hemorrhage came from his lungs he recognized his death-warrant?

Though kind friends surrounded him and tended him with a devotion that has no parallel, he steadily declined. A journey to Italy did little to relieve him and, suffering all the pangs of disappointed ambition and a hopeless love, he looked forward to death as a release, won-

dered when this "posthumous life" of his would come to an end and "felt the flowers growing over him." His friend Severn, who tended him with such assiduous care, wrote—"About four the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms—when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept."

Keats's love of the beautiful was the inspiration of his life, and his poetry is beautiful in form and rhythm and shows so felicitous a choice of word and figure that it charms the reader's every sense. No poet has more nearly attained the perfection of art than Keats, no one has finished so perfectly his creations.

IV. SELECTIONS FROM KEATS. As an example of that marvelous skill, that exquisite word painting, nothing can be more effective than his *Ode on a Grecian Urn,* one of the perfect English poems:

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve:
She can not fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that can not shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearied
Forever piping songs, forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Almost equally beautiful is *To Autumn,* another ode:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

The following is thought to be the last sonnet written by Keats:

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art.
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablutions round earth's human shore,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:
No, yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel forever its soft fall and swell
Awake forever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever, or else swoon to death.

Of his longer poems, *Endymion* was the first and the one that called forth the scathing criticisms of his friends. Even in this work of his earlier years the passion for beauty has colored his work and indicates what one finds more highly developed in *Hyperion, The Eve of St. Agnes* and *Lamia.* But, although the undying fame of Keats rests upon his lyrics, we must quote, as we close, one passage, the proem to *Endymion,* which will show again what Lowell calls Keats's "instinct for fine words:"

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth

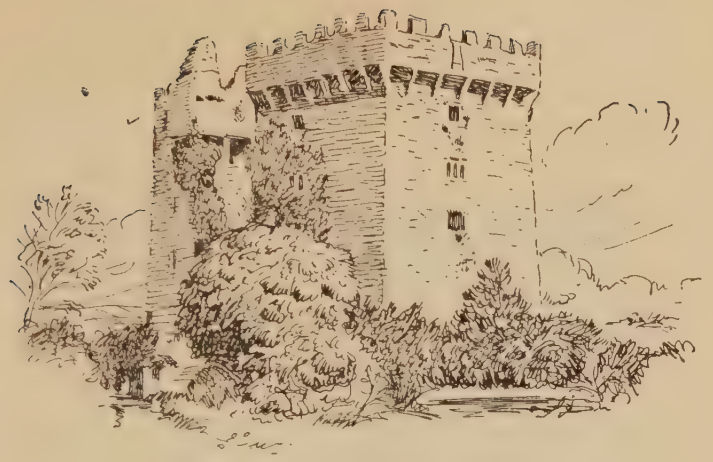
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails

Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finished: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness:
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

TINTURN ABBEY, WEST FRONT



CHAPTER XXV

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (CONCLUDED)

PROSE WRITERS

AN AGE OF POETRY. The era of the romanticists is most emphatically one of poetry, and even with the long chapters we have already devoted to it we have not even mentioned some of the poets whose work is worthy of the remembrance that it still enjoys, and now we must pass them over with only the briefest mention. It is almost impossible to think of Byron, Shelley and Keats without there being suggested in our minds the name of the other friend, Leigh [James Henry] Hunt (1784–1859), the earliest born and the last survivor of the four. In both verse and prose he had attracted attention before the

others had appeared, but though it was his ambition to shine among the English poets, he had not the lyrical gift, and his verse, easy and agreeable as it was, had no life, so that now it is chiefly as an essayist that he is remembered, and as such he does not rank with Lamb and Hazlitt. His *Autobiography* is the most pleasing and has been the most popular of his works.

Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864) was highly praised by Southey, Shelley and Coleridge when he published his first poem, *Gebir,* but outside the select few it received no great commendation; now his poems are scarcely read, though his prose, especially that of his *Imaginary Conversations,* in which he reported the table talk of the great heroes of the past, will always remain a classic.

On the other hand, Thomas Moore (1779–1852) will be remembered on account of the sweet sentiment and charming melody of the lyrics which compose his *Irish Melodies,* rather than by his longer poems, although the latter enjoyed a dazzling popularity during the lifetime of the author. His songs, though simple and sentimental, are still sung with great enjoyment.

Another friend of the Lake School, or at least one who attracted their attention, was Thomas Campbell (1777–1844), who wrote long narrative poems like *The Pleasures of Hope* and *Gertrude of Wyoming,* only to have them forgotten, while such impatient martial lyrics as *Hohenlinden, The Battle of the Bal-*

THATCHED COTTAGE, GAD'S HILL

TYPICAL OF MANY RURAL HOMES IN ENGLAND OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

tic, Ye Mariners of England and *Lochiel* are now familiar to everybody and will enjoy a great popularity, especially among the young, for years to come.

James Hogg (1770–1835), familiarly called the Ettrick Shepherd, a self-educated Scotchman, was by critics hailed next to Burns the greatest poet that had sprung from the common people, and he did write some ringing songs, one narrative poem that contains fine passages and some brief lyrics in exquisite taste.

But we might continue this section almost indefinitely, for there are such song writers as Cunningham and Motherwell, the delightful Barry Cornwall, the melodious Felicia Hemans and Letitia Landon, yet unmentioned. But the student of the Romantic age must not be left to think of it as entirely an age of poetry; in fact, already have we paused to consider the revolutionary work of its greatest novelist, Scott, and must now turn our attention to those prose writers who in any other epoch would have taken exceedingly high rank and whose work survives to-day.

II. Women Novelists. With the exception of Sir Walter Scott, women novelists practically held the field during the whole of this age. It was in the year 1778 that there appeared an anonymous novel called *Evelina,* which took the reading world by storm and excited intense curiosity as to the man who had composed it. It was with no small degree of astonishment

that the world learned, when a second edition was required, that the author was a young lady, Miss Frances Burney, who immediately became the heroine of the hour.

Following her came Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Amelia Opie, Miss Maria Edgeworth, the Porter sisters (Jane and Anna Maria), and, most important of all, Miss Jane Austen, to say nothing of others of minor standing, whose works to-day find their place in circulating libraries and have readers everywhere. Though their work has fallen in public estimation, it has done so no more than that of the men of the period, and from that time on women have been recognized as possessing a peculiar right to distinction in the field of fiction.

Frances Burney (1752–1840) was the third child and second daughter of Dr. Charles Burney, the historian of music. She was a strange child, who for some reason or other escaped all schooling, but she taught herself reading and writing and enjoyed the inspiration of the brilliant conversationalists who were her father's friends—Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and the rest. She began her famous *Diary* in 1768, but it was ten years later that her first novel appeared. The fame she acquired from this brought her to the attention of the King and Queen, and she was offered a position as Second Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, a position whose dignity and emoluments might have been attractive to another; to Miss Burney the care of the Queen's snuff box and her

pet lap dog were not particularly entrancing, and after five years of these duties her health broke down and she left the court. In July, 1793, she married General D'Arblay, a French noble who had left Paris for refuge in England. Madame D'Arblay lived into her eighty-eighth year, and, although she spent much of her married life in Paris, she returned to London some years before her death. None of her novels achieved the popularity of *Evelina,* which is now almost forgotten, but her gossipy *Diary,* covering a space of more than seventy years, is extremely interesting. The following brief extract will give some idea of its style:

The King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:—

"Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?"

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

"I believe not, sir," answered Mrs. Delany; "at least she does not tell."

"Oh," cried he, laughing, "that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her *Evelina.* And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live." Then coming up close to me he said: "But what! what! how was it?"

"Sir," cried I, not well understanding him.

"How came you—how happened it—what—what?"

"I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some idle hours."

"But your publishing—your printing—how was that?"

"That was only, sir—only because——"

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own "what! what!" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated with so earnest a look that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered: "I thought, sir, it would look very well in print."

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite provoked with myself for it: but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious till I had spoken of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: "Very fair indeed; that's being very fair and honest."

Anne Ward (Mrs. Radcliffe, 1764–1823) was the author of several highly extravagant and romantic novels, of which *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Romance of the Forest* are the most important. As Richardson remarks: "White-robed figures walking by moonlight, black-robed men, ruined castles, midnight groans—all these were a part of the machinery of her stories. They were, no doubt, very thrilling and sensational in their day, but beside more modern successes in that line they appear quite tame and harmless."

Mrs. Amelia Opie (1769–1853) wrote tales of real life with an obvious moral, but all too weak to keep alive.

Miss Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849), on the other hand, was a writer of powerful individuality. Her father, a scholarly gentleman with strong and original ideas of education, retained the affection and devotion of his daughter Maria to the end of his days, and as the eldest of the family she had abundant opportunities to practice her father's theories upon the eighteen other children that were born to him by his four wives. Inspired by him, she wrote such books as *The Parents' Assistants, Letters to Literary Ladies* and *Practical Education,* but these works were too dry and technical to be of public interest, and it was not until 1813 that she found herself not only famous as the author of *Castle Rackrent, The Absentee* and several other novels, but also one of the best-known figures in a brilliant literary circle. Most of her stories are forgotten, and perhaps only two deserve life, but they are valuable in their truthful and entertaining pictures of Irish life and character. Miss Edgeworth was a friend of Walter Scott, and he complimented her highly on what she had done in remarking when he published *Waverley* that he hoped to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had so charmingly done for Ireland. In her long life she saw the reputation of many a literary personage rise and fall, but to the end she retained her interest in ideas and in persons and was remarkable for the number of strong friendships which she created.

But neither Miss Edgeworth nor the other woman writers of whom we have spoken are comparable at all to the last of the group of brilliant literary women whom we shall mention.

III. Jane Austen. While *The Scottish Chiefs* and *Thaddeus of Warsaw* by Jane and Anna Maria Porter have ceased to enrapture the young, and while the novels of the other women whom we have mentioned in the preceding section are practically unknown to the present generation, the pictures which Jane Austen drew of society as she knew it are still popular and as fresh in their colors as the day they were painted.

Jane Austen was born in 1775 in the parsonage of her father, the Reverend George Austen, who educated her and her sister Cassandra at home. Her childhood's existence was one of the quietest imaginable, but was passed in a lively, mirthful, affectionate home. Although she wrote many childish tales, the earliest which survives was written when she was about seventeen. Finally, in her twenty-first year she began *Pride and Prejudice,* which she finished a year later, and immediately afterwards *Sense and Sensibility.* A third novel, *Northanger Abbey,* was bought by a bookseller at Bath for fifty dollars and laid away and forgotten. Her two other novels, however, were refused a reading even, and from then Miss Austen, without showing her disappointment, made no further effort to publish, though

she did not altogether cease to write. It was not until 1811, when she was thirty-six years old, that *Sense and Sensibility* was published, and *Pride and Prejudice* did not appear until three years later. It is curious that the work of one like Jane Austen, who, Macaulay said, is the only English writer who can fairly be compared to Shakespeare, should remain so long unrecognized. The comparison is extravagant, but there are traits in Miss Austen's writing which are altogether Shakespearean, and her characters are drawn with a force and accuracy which makes them absolutely real and convinces the reader that Miss Austen knew thoroughly the individuals of whom she wrote. Her own personality never befogs her conception of her characters, and while they move in a limited sphere of society and to us are curiously antiquated and absurd in many respects, yet they are convincingly true to life. Clear-cut, humorous, keen and exquisitely molded, the sentences of Jane Austen possess literary style, and her high-minded stories were exactly what was needed to bring fiction from the slough of sentimentality into which it had drifted and open the way for the nobler products of the present day.

It is her first two novels which still hold a place in the popular mind, and will continue to do so with lovers of good literature. In *Pride and Prejudice,* there are, among others, the following characters: Mr. Bennet, a cynical nonentity, and Mrs. Bennet, impossibly ig-

norant, envious, and wrapped up in the idea of marrying off her five daughters: Jane, quiet, gentle, forgiving and affectionate; Elizabeth, lively, witty and self-sufficient, evidently the author's favorite; Mary, the studious and inefficient; Kittie, who is kept in the background; and the silly Lydia. Mr. Collins, an ass of a clergyman, is a cousin of the Bennets; Mr. Bingley, wealthy and inefficient, marries Jane; Mr. Darcey, more wealthy, quiet and able, marries Elizabeth; Mr. Wickham is the fascinating villain of the piece. The whole plot concerns the marriage of the daughters. Bingley loves Jane, but is led away, only to return after varied experiences; Wickham courts Elizabeth, but elopes with Lydia and subsequently marries her; Darcey hates Elizabeth, but they love and quarrel and are reconciled. This brief outline may rob the tale of all its beauties, but it serves to show the canvas upon which the author painted her exquisite pictures. The following family scene will give some idea of Miss Austen's style:

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it." This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed, you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you: and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzie."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzie is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzie has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

IV. Hazlitt. The Romantic spirit found its way among the essayists, and this epoch gave us three men, each peculiar in his own way, but all uniting great skill with charming style. The first of these was William Hazlitt (1778–1830), who was originally educated for the Unitarian ministry but abandoned it for painting, with which, however, after showing some skill, he became dissatisfied and began his career as a biographer and writer of essays, particularly upon literary subjects. With a judgment usually sound, but liable to prejudice, he estimated the character and genius particularly of the literary men of his time and of the past, and wrote of them with a vigor and charm which every reader admits. Stevenson once remarked, "We are mighty fine fellows, but we cannot write like William Hazlitt," and critics in general are forced into a more or less perfect agreement with Stevenson, for, in spite of Hazlitt's unfairness and peculiarity, his criticism of politics, of letters, of acting and of life is superior to that of most of his followers. Though he is less entertaining than Lamb, he is more solid, and if his style is not

so pleasing, he has a keener appreciation of power and beauty. Dissimilar as they are, Hazlitt and Lamb rank naturally together, and with the prose we have given and that of De Quincey we get the best of the epoch we are considering.

Elsewhere we have quoted more than once from Hazlitt's criticism, but we cannot refrain from quoting again. The following is his estimate of the *Character of Falstaff:*

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapors that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which

he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-of-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

The following is taken from the essay, *The Shyness of Scholars:*

In one particular, the uneducated man carries it hollow against the man of thought and refinement: the first can shoot in the *long bow,* which the last cannot for the life of him. He who has spent the best part of his time and wasted his best powers in endeavoring to answer the question—"What is truth?"—scorns a lie, and every thing making the smallest approach to one. His mind by habit has become tenacious of, devoted to, the truth.

The grossness and vulgarity of falsehood shock the delicacy of his perceptions, as much as it would shock the finest artist to be obliged to daub in a signpost, or scrawl a caricature. He cannot make up his mind to derive any benefit from so pitiful and disgusting a source. Tell me that a man is a metaphysician, and at the same time that he is given to shallow and sordid boasting, and I will not believe you. After striving to raise himself to an equality with truth and nature by patient investigation and refined distinctions (which few can make)—whether he succeed or fail, he cannot stoop to acquire a spurious reputation, or to advance himself or lessen others by paltry artifice and idle rhodomontade, which are in every one's power who has never known the value or undergone the labor of discovering a single truth. Gross personal and local interests bear the principal sway with the ignorant or mere man of the world, who considers not what things are in themselves, but what they are to him: the man of science attaches a higher importance to, because he finds a more constant pleasure in the contemplation and pursuit of general and abstracted truths. Philosophy also teaches self-knowledge; and self-knowledge strikes equally at the root of any inordinate opinion of ourselves, or wish to impress others with idle admiration. Mathematicians have been remarked for persons of strict probity and a conscientious and somewhat literal turn of mind. But are poets and romance-writers equally scrupulous and severe judges of themselves, and martyrs to right principle? I cannot acquit them of the charge of vanity, and a wish to aggrandize themselves in the eyes of the world, at the expense of a little false complaisance (what wonder when the world are so prone to admire, and they are so spoiled by indulgence in self-pleasing fancies?)—but in general they are too much taken up with their *ideal* creations, which have also a truth and keeping of their own, to misrepresent or exaggerate matters of fact, or to trouble their heads about them. The poet's waking thoughts are dreams: the liar has all his wits and senses about him,

and thinks only of astonishing his hearers by some worthless assertion, a mixture of impudence and cunning. But what shall we say of the clergy and the priests of all countries? Are they not men of learning? And are they not, with few exceptions, noted for imposture and time-serving, much more than for a love of truth and candor? They are good subjects, it is true; bound to keep the peace, and hired to maintain certain opinions, not to inquire into them. So this is an exception to the rule, such as might be expected. I speak of the natural tendencies of things, and not of the false bias that may be given to them by their forced combination with other principles.

V. Charles Lamb. The essays of Charles Lamb (1775–1834) are different in character from any others in our language and, unlike many, require some sympathetic knowledge of the writer in order that they may be appreciated. As De Quincey says: "The syllables lurk up and down the writings of Charles Lamb which decipher his eccentric nature. His character lies there, dispersed in anagrams."

He was a junior clerk in a government office, and barely twenty years of age when his sister Mary was one day, just before their dinner hour, seized with a sudden fit of insanity. She ran wildly about the room, threw forks and, then, seizing a case-knife, stabbed her mother, who died instantly. Charles Lamb was just in time to wrench the knife away and save the life of his father, who had been wounded in the head by one of the flying forks. Mary was sent to the asylum, where she soon recovered and fully understood what she had done. Lamb

asked that she might be given him to care for, and after much persuasion this request was granted and for nearly forty years they lived together. His love for her is best expressed in his own language: "I am a fool bereft of her coöperation. I am used to look up to her in the worst and biggest perplexities. To say all that I find her would be more than I think anybody could possible understand. She is older, wiser, and better than I am, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death with me." This was written while she was suffering from one of those wild attacks which recurred at frequent intervals.

There is no more pathetic picture than that of Charles and Mary Lamb going about in their everyday occupation with this terrible specter haunting them. She learned to recognize the approach of her attacks, and was often seen with her brother going toward the asylum for temporary refuge. She was so violent that they carried with them a strait-jacket in which she could be placed for self-protection. But in spite of all this she worked with him and aided materially in writing those *Tales from Shakespeare* which are as popular to-day as when they were written. De Quincey says, "The whole range of history scarcely presents a more affecting spectacle of perpetual sorrow, humiliation or conflict, and one that was supported to the end,—that is, for forty years,

with more resignation and with more absolute victory."

In personal appearance Lamb was somewhat peculiar. He usually dressed in a black suit with knickerbockers, black gaiters, rustic and old-fashioned, but always neat and well brushed. His body was small and spare, resting on two "immaterial legs," as Thomas Hood called them. His head was large and his face full of many lines, intelligent and expressive. He had a hooked nose, a decided mouth, always wearing a quaint and quizzical expression; but the strongest feature was his eyes, turning, glittering as though they "would pick up pins and needles."

"Lamb's character is a sacred one with me. No associations that he may form can hurt the purity of his mind. . . . Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind. . . . All things are shadows to him except those which move his convictions," is the estimate of Coleridge, his life-long friend. Though twice Lamb speaks somewhat slightingly of Coleridge saying that he was "an archangel a little damaged," and later, "bless you, old sophist, who next to human nature taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing," yet Lamb seems never to have recovered from the blow he felt in the death of his friend. He says: "Since I feel how great a part he was of me his great and dear spirit haunts me. I can not think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning

and reference to him. . . . He was my fifty-years-old friend without a dissension. I seem to love the house he died at more passionately than when he died. . . . What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel."

Lamb was a very witty and entertaining talker, and the wretched stammering to which he was subject seemed only to add to the quaintness of his remarks. A lady after expressing her rapturous love for her children turned enthusiastically to Lamb and asked, "And how do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" "Bu-bu-boiled, ma'am!" was his humorous answer. Hood says, "A clever fellow certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns which he miscarries every minute." "The best acid is acidity" is one of his noted puns. "No work is worse than overwork. The mind preys on itself," he said at one time. And again, "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ—for the French." To a man with dirty hands, "Oh, Martin! if dirt were trumps what a hand you'd hold!"

"Through the cloudy medium of language which always hangs as a curtain between reader and author we see glimpses of the real man, his shape and color, even his gait and manner. He takes the reader by the button as he would his friend and pours out upon him a current of delightful humor and fine mental oddities almost too delicate to be seen by vulgar eye. . . . . He in truth seems to be only thinking aloud, and we are behind the tapestry listen-

ing." This characterization taken from Fitzgerald indicates perfectly the familiar and charming style of the essays from which have been selected typical and most entertaining examples.

In 1825 Lamb retired from his clerkship in the India House, on account of failing health, and received thereafter from the British government a pension of £441 a year. Lamb removed to Enfield and finally to Edmonton, where he lived until his death.

The increasing frequency of Mary's attacks of insanity, the separation from his friends, and particularly the death of Coleridge, in 1834, all combined to make more melancholy and sad the home life of the broken poet. It was only a few months after the death of Coleridge that Lamb met with a slight accident while he was walking. He fell ill from the effects of this and passed into unconsciousness before his most intimate friends could reach him. He died on the twenty-seventh of December, breathing the names of those friends to whom his whole life had been devoted.

Mary lived thirteen years after her brother's death, and during that time was cared for by the friends of Lamb.

Charles Lamb lies buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, where he had told his sister he wished to be laid. On his tombstone is the following epitaph:

Farewell, dear friend!—that smile, that harmless mirth,
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;

That rising tear, with pain forbid to flow—
Better than words—no more assuage our woe.
That hand outstretch'd from small but well-earned store
Yield succor to the destitute no more.
Yet art thou not all lost. Through many an age,
With sterling sense and humor, shall thy page
Win many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth; and if with friends we share
Our joys in heaven we hope to meet thee there.

Lamb's essays were written under the pen name of Elia, and each is a gem that will repay close study and many a subsequent hasty glance, for they have for the reader wit and humor, beauty of thought and execution, sympathetic interest and other marks of emotional strength. We must quote two of these essays. The first, *Dream Children: A Revery,* is one of the finest things in English literature:

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,[1] who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great

[1] Lamb's grandmother, Mary Field, was for a long time housekeeper in one of the great English country houses but not in the county alluded to in the text. It is not known how much of the allusion to the chimney-piece of this house is pure fancy.

hall,[2] the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles around, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, gracious person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer,—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted,—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend

[2] One of Lamb's fancies—the real chimney-carving represented stag and boar hunts.

her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she,—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out,—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me,—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at,—or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me,—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth,—or in watching the dace that darted to and from the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent frisking;—I had more

pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——,[3] because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out,—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries,—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than I—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died,[4] though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day

[3] Lamb's brother John—twelve years his senior. John was rather a lazy, selfish fellow—at least he never gave up his own pleasures and comforts to assist his family even in their gravest need.

[4] John Lamb died just before this essay was written.

long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alive W——n;[5] and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, —when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name;"—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget[6] unchanged by my side,—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

To select a second essay where so many are so exceedingly attractive is a very difficult task.

[5] It is not known positively whether Alice Warren was a real or an imaginary character. It is related that Lamb gave up an early and ardent attachment in order to devote himself to his sister.

[6] Bridget Elia is his sister, Mary Lamb.

For the sake of variety, we have taken *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist,* though there are several others that cry for prior recognition:

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable trifiers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sat bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in

her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favorite author: his *Rape of the Lock* her favorite work. She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr. Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners —a thing which the constancy of whist abhors; the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady en-

mities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connections, bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have an uniformity of array to distinguish them; but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshaled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colors, when the mark of the suit would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?

"But the eye, my dear madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason —he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your

quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.—You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the 'hoary majesty of spades'—Pam in all his glory!—

"All these might be dispensed with; and with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished forever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling. Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and tourneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money), or chalk and a slate!"—

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated), brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value), I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It

was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce "*Go*"—or "*That's a go.*" She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring "*two for his heels.*" There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille.—But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too. They are a theater to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in

some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathizes in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game. By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion;—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the sprightly infusion of chance, the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the center, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes

of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard-head contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado, great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play without esteeming them to be such.

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a tooth-ache, or a sprained ankle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist*.

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologize.

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to

get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted forever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

VI. De Quincey. A shy little man—almost insignificant, in fact—with a singularly intelligent face, thin, finely chiseled features and blue eyes glowing feverishly from a nervous, expressive face, such was Thomas De Quincey, whom the surly Carlyle has characterized somewhat bitterly as follows:

De Quincey was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate gently winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation. . . . A bright, ready, and melodious talker, but in the end inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man figures I ever saw, shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him by candlelight for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been something, too, which said, "Eccovi—this child has been in hell."

He was born in 1785 in a "pretty rustic dwelling" near Manchester, the second son in a family of eight. De Quincey's father was a

successful merchant and his mother a highly intellectual but unsympathetic woman not qualified by nature to care for her abnormally sensitive boy. From his own *Confessions,* Thomas must have passed an exceedingly unhappy boyhood, particularly during the years when he fell under the control of his burly, pugnacious elder brother, who tyrannized over him, compelled him to fight, and made him the subject of continual sharp criticisms. "The pillars of Hercules," to quote the opinion of the victim, "upon which [my brother] rested the vast edifice of his scorn, were these two: first, my physics; he denounced me for effeminacy; second, he assumed, and even postulated as a *datum,* which I myself could never have the face to refute, my general idiocy. Physically, therefore, and intellectually, he looked upon me as below notice; but, morally, he assured me that he would give me a written character of the very best description, whenever I chose to apply for it. 'You're honest,' he said; 'you're willing, though lazy; you *would* pull, if you had the strength of a flea; and, though a monstrous coward, you don't run away!' "

De Quincey was an extremely precocious child and mastered Latin and Greek so that he could, while yet a mere child, speak either with a fluency and charm that was the envy of his masters. This extraordinary precociousness brought intense suffering, and when he lost his sister Elizabeth, a wonderfully beautiful child to whom he was attached with pas-

sionate fervor, he stole into the room where the body was resting and, to quote his own words: "Awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries—in this world the one great *audible* symbol of eternity." In the trance which followed, he kissed the lips of the dead and stole away like a guilty thing. The sad and imperishable memory lingered with him, and his last words, uttered more than sixty years later, as he lay in the throes of death, were, "Sister, sister, sister!"

De Quincey's youth and manhood were erratic and stormy. While in a grammar school, where he was imposed upon by the older scholars, who resented his superiority, he ran away and for a long time was a vagrant in Wales, until, in fact, becoming weary of the country, he stole up to London and lived there in squalor and wretchedness, a mere gamin of the streets for more than a year. At length he was found and sent to Oxford, where he remained for five years, but declined to take his degree, and left there convinced that the great school had done nothing for him.

Not far from this time he gained the friendship of Lamb, Coleridge and Wordsworth, bought the cottage of Townsend, Grasmere, and made that his home as bachelor and married man for about twenty years. Coleridge had left the lakes, but De Quincey became in-

timate with Wordsworth, although at the end their friendship was broken by the harshness and inconsiderateness of the poet. In 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, who till the time of her death remained a faithful wife, enduring with charming resignation the idiosyncrasies of her husband and caring for him in his hours of wretchedness and physical incompetence. While still an undergraduate at Oxford, De Quincey sought relief from neuralgia and "a terrible gnawing at the stomach" by taking laudanum; the opium habit soon fastened itself upon him. From that time he was a victim of the drug, although there were periods when he broke away from it temporarily and times when the quantity he consumed was comparatively small. He was never, perhaps, quite the slave that Coleridge was, but on the other hand he consumed the drug in enormous quantities and occasionally sank to greater depths of misery.

He was thirty-seven years old when he published anonymously his first book, *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,* a strangely frank series of articles giving the history of his early years, interspersed with thrilling descriptions of his dream life. The *Confessions* attracted the attention of readers everywhere, and De Quincey found himself famous, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that he conquered his shyness and accepted the popularity that people would have thrust upon him; yet from time to time he did appear in public,

often slipping quietly into some gathering, clothed in the odds and ends of ragged and dirty suits which only a boy could have worn, and, finding a corner somewhere, converse brilliantly for hours at a time upon abstruse subjects and in the most refined and polished language imaginable. Every one who heard him, charmed by his style, enthusiastically ranked him as the greatest of conversationalists. At times he would disappear from sight for months and live, no one knew where or how, in the very depths of the miserable purlieus of Edinburgh, to which city he had moved during the later years of his life and near which his daughters lovingly kept a little home to which he could return when exhausted by his strange wanderings. During these years he contributed to the best magazines in England a series of the most wonderful essays, that still are ranked among the choicest in the English language. There are about one hundred fifty of them, among which those that have attracted especial attention are his *English Mail Coach, Suspiria de Profundis, The Revolt of the Tartars, On War, Joan of Arc, Style, Rhetoric, Language* and *Murder as a Fine Art.* The last deals with murder as some critics do with literature. De Quincey admits that murder is not exactly approved morally, but that when tried by principles of taste it is sometimes a very meritorious performance. The whole essay is a good example of sustained humor, sparkling with flashes of wit.

Most of De Quincey's essays are delightfully conversational, a monologue in which the speaker is always present, with his mental peculiarities shining through his words as clearly as those of Charles Lamb appear in his delightful essays. For English literature De Quincey accomplished much, and he may be said to have originated a style of "impassioned prose" or imaginative prose which verges in expression upon the domain of poetry; yet prose in reality it always is, not only in form, but in content. He originated, too, a distinction in literature which has since come to be a cardinal fact in the minds of critics and readers, the distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. "There is first," he says, "the literature of *knowledge,* and, secondly, the literature of *power.* The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* the affections of pleasure and sympathy." It is to the second kind of literature that De Quincey's wonderful essays belong; these reflect but lightly the other variety.

Toward the close of his life De Quincey sank into senile decay; in December, 1859, he passed peacefully away in his old lodging in Edinburgh and was buried very quietly in the west churchyard of that city.

VII. De Quincey's Essays. In his manner of writing he was extremely precise, but he reveled in phrases of great splendor, which he poured forth so freely upon all subjects that we are left to think that he did not feel himself bound by the truth, but spread over all his narration a fairy-like mist. *The Revolt of the Tartars,* long considered history, is now understood to be purely imaginary. Some of his work is noisy and bombastic, some of it insignificant and other parts discursive. But his mind worked so rapidly, so clearly, humor and good sense were combined so freely, that having dreamed for us a host of beautiful dreams, he was able to paint them with a vividness and beauty that no one artist can excel.

From such a wealth of material it is difficult to make selections that will even indicate the breadth of his genius and the charm of his style, but for sake of comparison we will quote two passages and one essay practically complete. The following oft-quoted lines are from *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater:*

> The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that,* gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was

conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded" I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

Here is his impassioned tribute to the martyred Joan of Arc:

What is to be thought of *her?* What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriot-

ic mission by an *act,* by a victorious *act,* such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so did they to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will,* both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honors from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy King shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace.* When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country—thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions,

always in thy own; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long." This poor creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that was upon it, was for *her;* but, on the contrary, that she was for *them;* not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them: but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her.* Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom would ever bloom for *her.*

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents. "The pile struck terror," says M. Michelet, "by its height." . . . There would be

a certainty of calumny rising against her—some people would impute to her a willingness to recant. No innocence could escape *that*. Now, had she really testified this willingness on the scaffold, it would have argued nothing at all, but the weakness of a genial nature shrinking from the instant approach of torment. And those will often pity that weakness most, who in their own persons would yield to it least. Meantime there never was a calumny uttered that drew less support from the recorded circumstances. It rests upon no positive testimony, and it has a weight of contradicting testimony to stem. . . . What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won, from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men," says M. Michelet himself, "ten thousand men wept; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier—who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow—suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon to *his* share in the tragedy? And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act of her life as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose up in billowy columns. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. That girl, whose latest breath ascended in this

sublime expression of self-oblivion, did not utter the word *recant* either with her lips or in her heart. No, she did not, though one should rise from the dead to swear it.

Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow is considered one of the subtlest, most delicately artistic of De Quincey's essays, perhaps somewhat difficult to understand, but yet well worth a careful perusal for the thought it contains. Moreover, the style is peculiarly that of De Quincey and as perfect as anything which he has written—another way of saying, as perfect as that of anything English:

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name

from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare,* to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *educo,* with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallization of languages) from the word *educo,* with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes,* or develops, *educates.* By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally,*—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually.* Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen; consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar

as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart; therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number: as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colors sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offenses that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows; all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful Sisters.

These Sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart, and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations,—that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.*

I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O no! Mighty phantoms like these disdain

the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. They spoke not as they talked with Levana; they whispered not; they sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung: for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the Sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form and their presence, if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that forever advanced to the front or forever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she

beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This Sister, the elder, it is, that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth, to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward.

In the spring time of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns forever over *her:* still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also has been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honor with the title of "Madonna."

The second Sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum,* Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her dar-

lings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamors, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This Sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered; every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace: all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key, but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrants of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the

reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

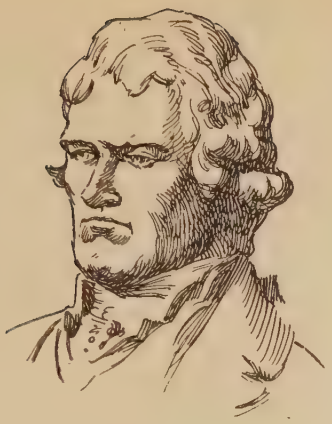
But the third Sister, who is also the youngest——! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes, rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden: through the treble veil of crape which she wears the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest Sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum,*—our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai* or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:—

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled; and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become

idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshiped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum,* she said,—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her.* See that thy scepter lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope; wither the relenting of love; scorch the fountains of tears; curse him as only *thou* canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace; so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

GATEWAY OF "BLOODY TOWER," TOWER OF LONDON



CHAPTER XXVI

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN WRITERS

INTRODUCTORY. Through the Revolutionary Period, as we have heretofore intimated, there were competent writers in America whose genius was given rather to patriotic utterances and to shaping the political career of the new land than to what De Quincey called the literature of power. Freedom and the rights of man were ably championed, sometimes in language that reached impassioned heights of eloquence. Thomas Paine's *Crisis* and *Common Sense,* with the essays of Madison, Hamilton and Jay, which appeared in the newspapers and were afterwards collected as the *Federalist,* were the most noted writings of the time, and admirably they fulfilled their purpose to explain and make popular the new Constitution of the

United States. The works of Thomas Jefferson also were able state papers, couched in English that ranked well with that of his contemporaries in England. One American novelist, Charles Brockden Brown, had written in stilted language a series of stories filled with elaborate horrors and revolting details, but as these were unrelieved by even dim flashes of humor or pathos he has long since been relegated to obscurity.

Thus it is that we pass the end of the eighteenth century before we find here in America any writer, with the exception of Franklin, comparable to those who made England's literature famous long before the Victorian Era. The condition is not a matter of wonder, for the practical side of life was forcing itself too prominently upon the attention of all Americans to give them the leisure required for the highest literary effort. The literature of America, then, is a nineteenth-century development; the first third of that century brought out a group of famous men, who wrote for the sake of writing, to give utterance to their ideas in literary form and to beautify them by the play of imagination. The group was such, however, as to make it rather difficult of classification, for while many of its members had imbibed the romantic spirit and were writing in harmony with the great authors of England, yet they scarcely can be placed with the Romantic school. Moreover, while the lives of some of them were confined to the period we

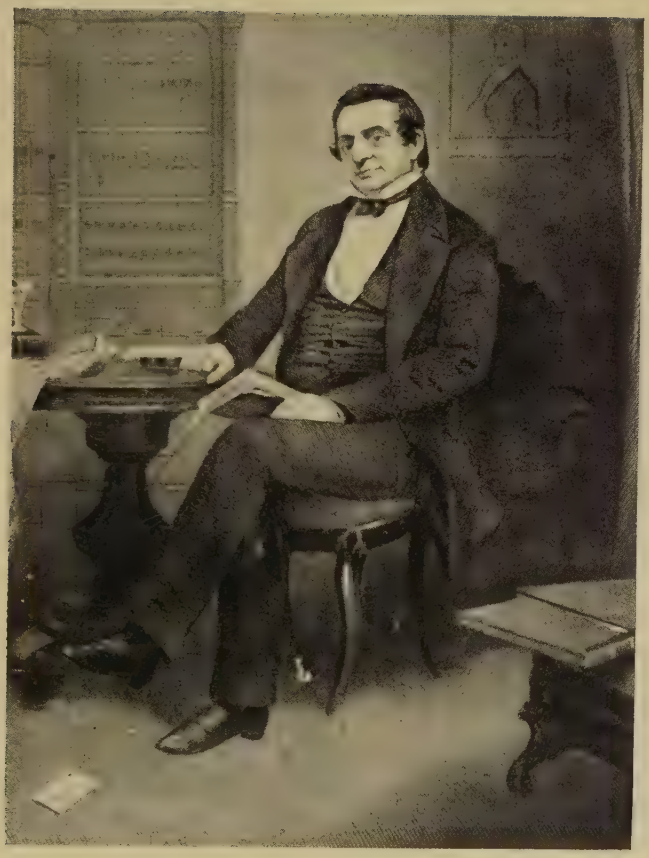
have just been considering, others, notably Bryant, lived far into the National Period and partook in no small measure of the characteristics of the finished Victorian writers. Accordingly, the natural place in which to consider these early nineteenth-century American writers seems to be rather with the romanticists than with their successors, or perhaps as occupying an intermediate position. They had not sufficient harmony in ideals or methods to group them as a school, but rather they appeared as sporadic outbursts of American genius.

II. Channing. A predecessor of the group we are just discussing, rather than a member of it, was William Ellery Channing (1780–1842), a conspicuous advocate of Unitarianism, whose revival in America was coincident with the second war with Great Britain. Into the religious controversies of the age we have no desire to enter; Channing was of so gentle and pious a nature that he shrank from those quarrels, while he worked earnestly for reform and vehemently against intemperance, war, slavery and oppression. Moreover, he was so much the immediate forerunner of Emerson and the Transcendentalists that his career is of decided importance. The son of a Boston lawyer, he was educated at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1798. In that institution he is remembered as a strong and muscular youth, small of stature, but distinguished even in college for his essays and brilliant orations.

After graduation he went to Virginia as a tutor in a private family, and there learned first-hand of some of the evils of slavery, which he ever afterward bitterly opposed. At this time he conceived an ambition to become a great scholar, and entered upon a life of self-denial and privation in order to procure the means for study. Working early and late, he lived a life of such strict asceticism that he undermined his health and for the rest of his life was more than half an invalid. His conflicts with self and with ill health, however, disturbed no one, for he cheerfully lived up to the spirit of his ideal and wrought good to others whenever the opportunity offered.

His was the voice of encouragement, of love and inspiration. Fearless himself, he drove fear from the minds of the timid and hesitating. "Wait not to be backed by numbers," he said at the ordination of a young minister; "wait not till you are sure of an echo from the crowd; the fewer the voices on the side of truth, the more distinct and strong must be your own." The style and manner of Channing are such that had he chosen literature as a profession, he would undoubtedly have been a power in the world of letters.

III. Washington Irving. Until the close of the second war with Great Britain, the English had shown very little interest in the writings of Americans. Only Franklin was known and honored among them as an intellectual equal, and not any of the Americans who had



WASHINGTON IRVING
1783–1859

enjoyed local popularity were recognized as authors of merit by the mother country. With Washington Irving, however, a new era opened. He was classed as a man of letters, competent to carry on traditions that had descended through the long line of great English authors. He brought to the notice of the English the legends of his native land and clothed them in classic prose; he found in the Moorish occupancy of Spain material for many charming stories, and no fewer than three histories, all of which are of the Romantic type, entertaining as narratives, but lacking in philosophy; he set before the world in amusing pictures the history of his own state in such a manner that the book is still enjoyed for its good-natured raillery and lively wit.

Irving had no serious message, no lesson to teach, but he is a refined and delicate entertainer who can always be relied upon to yield pleasure and cause no pain. A thorough romanticist, he relates touching incidents of human strength and weakness with such eloquent pathos and delicate humor that his lack of deep scholarship is forgotten, while every reader gives him unquestionably a deep respect and personal regard.

"Come to Sunnyside and I will give you a book and a tree." Such was Washington Irving's invitation to his friends, and it was as hearty as it was picturesque. He was a man so generous, so considerate of others that his friends were as numerous as his acquaintances.

and the beautiful house at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, was the home of all who visited it.

His life was one of a thousand in its devotion to an early love. Martha Hoffman, daughter of a man with whom he studied law, was to be his wife, but after a brief and very painful illness she died, leaving Irving almost distracted with grief. For the remainder of his life, he was unable without the greatest agitation to hear the mention of her name, and wherever he went he carried with him a few pathetic mementos of his love—her Bible, her prayer-book, a lock of her hair. This touching devotion did not make him a recluse, though his natural shyness and reserve kept him from accepting many of the attentions offered.

He was born in New York, and early manifested a love for books and reading, although at school he did not distinguish himself in mathematics, in which he had no interest. Much to his regret, he had no schooling after he was sixteen. At that age he entered a law office, and for many years his career was one of disappointment and privation. At the close of the War of 1812 he was in England, where he had gone to assist a brother in business. The war had ruined their trade, and he was practically forced to take up his pen to earn a livelihood. Here he began his literary career and here he achieved his fame, for when he returned to America after seventeen years abroad he was among the most popular men of his day.

Subsequently he was appointed minister to Spain and accepted this as the "crowning honor of his life" though he had frequently declined public office because he felt called to the profession of letters.

Abroad he made many noted friends; Byron praised him, Scott aided him and a host of men prominent in literature and politics, in Germany, Spain, and England spoke in glowing terms of his character and his writings.

The *Sketch Book* was his first great success; it contained both *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,* the finest pieces of purely American literature that had been produced. Other works followed in quick succession, for he was a rapid and indefatigable worker, often carrying his exertions to the point of breaking down his health, which from childhood had been of the most delicate character. He wrote *Tales of a Traveler,* as a result of his visit to Germany; *The Life of Columbus* was the occasion of a long residence in Spain, where he produced also his charming stories of the *Alhambra* and the no less entertaining *Moorish Chronicles.*

The last and most ambitious work of his life was the *Life of Washington.* Perhaps the fact that he had been named for the great patriot and as an infant had received the blessings of his illustrious godfather served as a special inspiration. He was anxious to complete the work, often saying that he hoped to live till it was done. The fifth and last volume was

written under great physical suffering, and when the final words were penned he said: "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows." The end he wished for then came soon; in fact, almost on the instant of his expression of a hope that it was not far off, he fell dying to the floor.

In the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in a little hedge-encircled lot, among others of his family, he lies, his last resting place marked by a simple marble slab bearing the inscription:

"Washington Irving
Born April 3, 1783,
Died November 28, 1859."

To understand Irving and to appreciate his genius, one must read in their entirety such stories as *Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The Knickerbocker History of New York* and many of his Moorish chronicles. Space forbids us to give any extended quotations, but as an example of descriptive power, which one is liable to miss among the greater charms of his writings, we must quote his *Essay on Westminster Abbey:*

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte,
Living in brasse or stony monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte;
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenseless majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone

Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon,
Could not content nor quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.
Christolero's Epigrams, by T. B., 1598.

On one of these sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

I entered from the inner court of Westminster school, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving slowly along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a specter from one of the neighboring tombs.

The approach to the Abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloister still retains something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorn the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty

plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky, or a passing cloud; and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the Abbey towering into the azure heaven.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eyes were attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times; (Vitalis. Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon the gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the Abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave.

I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the Abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man, wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast

edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchers, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together, and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook—a gloomy corner—a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy: and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices, are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the Abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for a sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the Abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author

and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the Abbey which contains the sepulchers of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates, with crosiers and miters; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts, who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction—between the history and the fairy

tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fictions, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which has spread over the wars for the Sepulcher of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly: and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage, than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, all the sisters virtuous."

In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner, stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which, to me, appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph,

bursting from the distended jaws of the specter. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors around the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear: the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along and beating against the very walls of the sepulcher.

I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the Abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchers.

On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson, with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulcher of its founder,—his effigy, with that of his Queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence: this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness, than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty, but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendor of jeweled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet, and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place; interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants—sure signs of solitariness and desertion. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulcher of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day, but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulcher continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through the windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the Abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

> For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with

this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulcher vocal!—And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound.—And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away, and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I arose, and prepared to leave the Abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchers of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs; where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen, lie moldering in "their beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and

Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulcher. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness?—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive? how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away; and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and groveling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the scepter has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored.

The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the Abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of the verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door

closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already falling into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion? It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace; where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that give interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Brown, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription molders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand—and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

What then is to insure this pile, which now towers above me, from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now

spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death; and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the fox-glove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.

IV. Cooper. Besides those already mentioned, only one other American writer achieved anything like lasting fame prior to the end of the first third of the nineteenth century, namely, James Fenimore Cooper. All these men belong to the middle states, which center about New York, and all succeeded best in prose. Cooper, no less than Irving, was a romanticist, and his writings belong to the literature of beauty, of pleasure, of entertainment. He never probed deep into the uncanny recesses of the human mind, and the peril which his fictitious characters suffered was healthy, physical peril, and when they fell it was a tragedy of bodily destruction and not a tragedy of the soul. It is perhaps this healthy characteristic more than any other that has made Cooper's tales so popular in the minds of healthful youth.

Cooper was born in 1789 in Cooperstown, New York, a village which his father had founded. At school Jim, as he was familiarly known, was more fond of fishing, hunting and

of roaming the wild forests than of books and study, and the fun-loving nature which he inherited from his father often led him into mischief and trouble. He entered Yale at thirteen, and after spending nearly three years there was expelled for a boyish prank. Then he took to the sea, and made his first voyage to Europe. At nineteen he was a midshipman in the United States navy, where he served for three years. Then he married and returned to New York, began life on a farm, and, becoming very fond of his occupation, took great pride in the products of his garden. It is said that one day, after he was thirty years of age, he was reading a poor English novel and, disgusted at its weakness, exclaimed to his wife that he believed he could write a better one. She urged him to try, and he set about the task. If he did not succeed in his first attempt, his second, *The Spy,* certainly justified his confidence in himself.

Soon after, he moved to New York City and resided there till 1826, when he went abroad with his family and remained for seven years. When he sailed he was an ardent lover of his country, and abroad was her enthusiastic defender. He published a book in which he endeavored to establish the superiority of the United States to everything English, but only succeeded in alienating the generous feelings of respect and admiration with which he had been received abroad. His gruff manners, intolerance of opposition and rabid defense of

everything American aided to increase the unfavorable impression his book had created. Though he mingled with the best of English society and doubtless absorbed some of its notions, he was never able to establish really friendly relations with any of its people.

So he returned to America and his home, filled with pleasant anticipations. But he found that in his long absence things had changed, and that many of the traits he had most vehemently lauded were rapidly passing away. This irritated him intensely, and he published scathing criticisms that rapidly brought him into disrepute among the public who had previously praised him. He was subjected to violent attacks by the critics of the day and was aroused to speedy action by the sting of their epithets. Again and again he sued publishers for libel, and was usually successful, though he failed to win any approval by the results.

Added to these contentions were troubles with his neighbors and personal friends. Although he was highly democratic in his speech and ideas, his habits were characterized by an exclusiveness that gave offense, and his manners to the inhabitants of his own town were rather those of a superior than of an equal. A beautiful point of land jutting out into the lake had long been considered public property by the people of his village, and when he laid claim to this, forbade its use as a picnic ground and closed it up entirely, he earned their se-

rious resentment, although it was established that the land really belonged to him.

In spite of the bitter opposition he created and the rude criticism he had to endure, he was a man of noble and generous heart. It was only on the surface that he was a boor, and many of his harsh judgments came from a supersensitive nature and a suspicious disposition prone to find evidence of slight and injury when none was intended. But he lived to see most of the opposition subside, and when he died in 1851 the people sincerely mourned him.

Of the many novels which Cooper wrote, the successful ones may be classified into three groups: stories of the sea, land stories of the Revolution and stories of Indian and backwoods life. *The Pilot* best represents the first class, *The Spy* the second class, and *The Last of the Mohicans* the third class. *The Last of the Mohicans,* probably the greatest of his novels, is one of a series of five called the *Leatherstocking Tales,* the hero of all of which is the backwoodsman, hunter, trapper, guide and pioneer, Natty Bumpo, Leatherstocking, Hawkeye, or Deerslayer, as he is variously known. Natty Bumpo is Cooper's best drawn character, and to a certain type of mind he is a very real and inspiring hero. It is to the youthful and adventurous in spirit that Cooper appeals, and boys will always love the stirring qualities of his picturesque hero. The *Leatherstocking Tales,* in order of events, though not in order

of composition, are *The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pathfinder, The Pioneers* and *The Prairie.*

We have mentioned the best of Cooper's stories, but there are many others that will prove interesting, especially if the reader has mastered the art of skipping. His first story, *Precaution,* was published in 1820. As it was a novel of English society, with which he was entirely unfamiliar, it was a failure. *The Spy* was published the next year; by 1832, the year of Scott's death, Cooper had written nearly all of his best known novels, and after 1832 he did little to increase his reputation. Few American writers have had a wider continental reputation, and the translations of his stories, sometimes better even than the originals, have been highly popular in France, Germany and other European countries.

V. Bryant. The eighty-four years of Bryant's life span almost the whole productive period of American literature, but his greatest poems date back to the years before the beginning of the Victorian Era, with which American literature is so intimately allied. Moreover, Bryant's style is that of the earlier age, his thought was usually far removed from the depth and vigor of Victorian writers, and by virtue of his love of nature and his high appreciation of the individual his relationships fall altogether with the romanticists.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) was born in a little farming village in Western

Massachusetts, but most of his life was passed in New York, and with that city his name is most intimately associated. His father, a doctor, was a judicious parent and, as long as he lived, the trusted friend and counselor of his brilliant son. Both Dr. Bryant and his wife were descendants of the Pilgrims, and it is worthy of note that he, as well as Longfellow, could trace his genealogy back to John and Priscilla Alden.

Bryant was a precocious child, and it is said that he could walk alone when he was a year old and at sixteen months knew all the letters of the alphabet. He entered school before he was four years old and was always noted for his ready scholarship. At ten he began to scribble poetry; and *Thanatopsis,* the poem that more than any other gave him fame, was written when he was but sixteen. He made no effort to attract attention, though he ardently desired to become famous. *Thanatopsis* lay concealed in his desk for five years till his father found it by accident, took it to Boston and showed it to prominent literary men, who were unanimous in their praise.

He was for a time a student in Williams College but, becoming dissatisfied, secured an honorable dismissal and hoped to enter Yale. This he was unable to do because of his father's financial condition. For a year he studied at home; although by so doing he missed some of the advantages of college life, yet his energy and perseverance were such that he gained a

vigor of scholarship and a self-reliance not to be otherwise obtained.

He took up the law as a profession, and for seven years followed it at several places and with indifferent success. Then he began to work at literature and wrote reviews and poetry for different periodicals, moving in the meantime to New York, where in 1829 he became editor of the New York *Evening Post* and entered upon the career of journalism, in which he remained the greater part of his life. It was a long and successful career, and he had the pleasure of seeing his own influence bear fruit in the perfection of many of the reforms he ardently advocated. Although he was a Jeffersonian Democrat, he was an ardent anti-slavery writer, and his paper never hesitated to champion the cause of the down-trodden.

He was seized with a sudden illness when entering the house of a friend after he had delivered a public address, and five days after this attack he died, at the age of eighty-four years. His long life had made him many friends, and they united often in testifying their love and admiration for him. Though he never held public office, he was much admired and sought for by public men, and his influence as a journalist was considerable in modifying and changing the opinions of the nation.

His friend for years, an associate with him on the *Evening Post,* his executor and biographer, John Biglow, says of him: "Of Bryant's

rank and merits as a poet there is, and for some time to come is likely to be, a great diversity of opinion. A partial explanation of this may be found in the fact that the most enduring qualities of his verse are readily appreciated by only a comparatively restricted class, even of those who read poetry. He was essentially an ethical poet. His inspiration was always from above. In the flower, in the stream, in the tempest, in the rainbow, in the snow, in everything about him, nature was always telling him something new of the goodness of God and framing excuses for the frail and erring. . . . . Every one of his verses will bear the supreme test of a work of literary art, which discloses a wider horizon and new merits at each successive perusal."

A comparison between *Thanatopsis* and *The Flood of Years* is interesting, as it shows in such striking contrast the views of the boy and the aged man. The former sees death as the inevitable end, the fate of every person, and draws from this necessity the doctrine of resignation and a life of virtue so that there may be no regret when one "wraps the drapery of his couch about him;" the latter has death as much in view but sees beyond it a peace and quiet such as this life knows not, and throws out a hope of reunion with the loved ones who have gone before. The *Forest Hymn* is a noble song; *Lines to a Waterfowl* is one of the most perfect lyrics in the language; *Autumn Woods,* a gorgeous picture; and *Sella* and *The Children*

of the Snow are longer poems abounding in beautiful imagery and charming thoughts.

Bryant has been criticized as being cold, as lacking heart and feeling, and the reader will miss the abounding love and gracious feeling that Longfellow shows, but at the same time will recognize the pure and eloquent voice of nature's chief interpreter. The birds and the flowers have in Bryant their one most appreciative admirer and the one who is best calculated to sing the message they bring from the divine.

Bancroft, the historian, at the dinner given by the Century Club on Bryant's seventieth birthday, greeted the poet in these words: "Our tribute to you is to the poet, but we could not have paid it had we not revered you as a man. Your blameless life is a continuous record of patriotism and integrity, and passing untouched through the fiery conflicts that grow out of the ambition of others, you have, as all agree, preserved a perfect consistency with yourself, and an unswerving, unselfish fidelity to your convictions."

A poem by Rev. H. N. Powers contains these appreciative stanzas:

Earth's face is dearer for thy gaze,
The fields that thou hast traveled o'er
Are fuller blossomed, and the ways
Of toil more pleasant than before.

The April pastures breathe more sweet,
The brooks in deeper musings glide,

Old woodlands grander hymns repeat,
And holier seems the Autumn-tide.

More meekly pleads each flowret's eye,
On gentler errands comes the snow,
And birds write on the evening sky
More gracious lessons as they go.

The clouds, the stars, the sea, the grave,
Wide prairie wastes and crowded marts,
All that is fair, and good, and brave,
In peaceful homes and generous hearts,

Through thee their wondrous meanings tell,
And as men go to work and pray
Feeling thy song's persuasive spell
Love's face seems closer o'er their way.

Two stanzas from Lowell's poem show his appreciation for the senior poet:

The voices of the hills did him obey;
The torrents flashed and tumbled in his song;
He brought our native fields from far away,
Or set us mid the innumerable throng
Of dateless woods, or where we heard the calm
Old homestead's evening psalm.

But now he sang of faith to things unseen,
Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust,
And words of doughty cheer he spoke between,
That made all earthly fortune seem as dust,
Matched with that duty, old as time and new,
Of being brave and true.

In a work of this scope, which assumes to cover the whole field of human endeavor in literature, there can be but little space for quo-

tations from individual writers, and it seems wise especially to limit our extracts from those native writers with whose works every American citizen is more or less acquainted. Yet, to show some special trait in each, it is permissible to emphasize an opinion by examples. Having ranked Bryant as one of the very first of American poets to see the literary value of nature, it is well to refer the reader to a few of his most characteristic lyrics. *To a Waterfowl,* besides painting an exquisite picture, gives voice to a sentiment which only a deep-souled man like Bryant would be moved to express:

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

The Wind and the Stream is extremely happy in its interpretation of the liquid voice of the brook and the gentle sighs of the wandering zephyr:

A brook came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream,
The pretty stream, the placid stream,
The softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing beam,

Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along, a livelier stream,
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind came never back;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem,
But, on its melancholy track,
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

To the Fringed Gentian is an exquisite piece of word-painting, in no way inferior to the beauty of the autumn flower whose charm it celebrates:

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fingers to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

Nor can we refrain from quoting *Robert of Lincoln,* whose musical lines express the joy and happiness of bird life:

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe in this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six little mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

VI. Poe. What a contrast from the serene, high-principled, earnest Bryant is the erratic, impatient Edgar Allan Poe. Higginson has written:

I distinctly recall his face, with its ample forehead, brilliant eyes, and narrowness of nose and chin; an essentially ideal face, not noble, yet anything but coarse; with the look of oversensitiveness which when uncontrolled may prove more debasing than coarseness. It was a face to rivet one's attention in any crowd, yet a face that no one would feel safe in loving.

In infancy Edgar Allan Poe (1811–1849) was left a destitute orphan. He was taken to the home of a Mr. Allan of Baltimore, who tried to give the child a good education and all the advantages that wealth could furnish. He was put to school in England, afterward entered the University of Virginia and later the West Point Military Academy, but from both of the latter schools he was expelled in disgrace. Mr. Allan forgave him and tried to

establish the reckless young man in some reputable position, but his conduct finally so disgusted his foster-father that Poe was abandoned to his own resources.

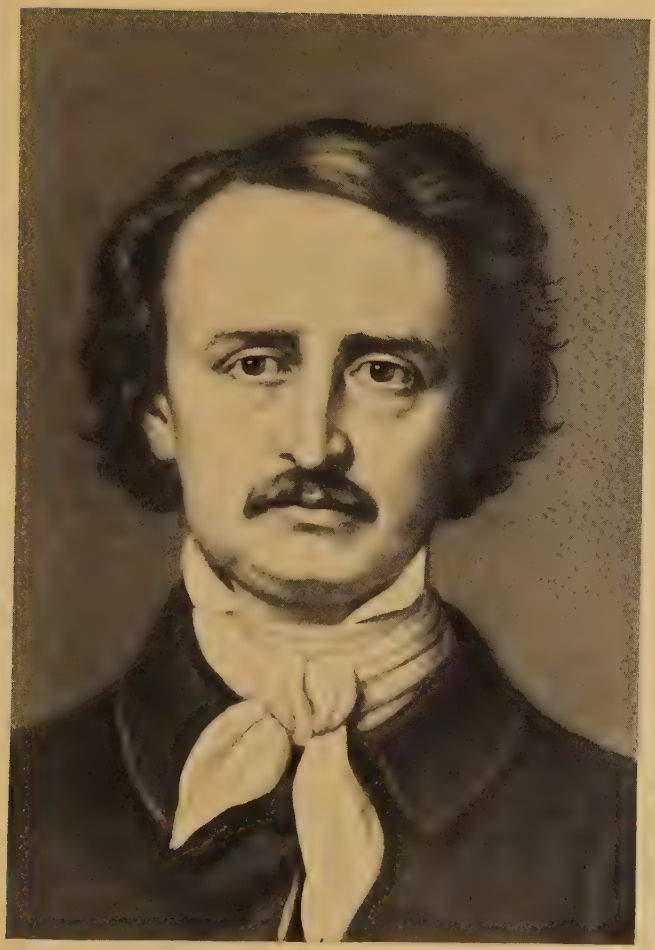
It is the pitiful life of an erratic genius—a man in whom two spirits were always contending, an angel and a demon.

As a writer for the magazines he quarreled with most of the managers, and as an editor his great skill and brilliant promise ended in lamentable failure.

At last death came, possibly as a result of a debauch in which he wandered through the streets of Baltimore in a dazed and half-insane condition. The truth of this is in some quarters denied. However, he was finally taken to a hospital, where relatives and friends did what they could for him, but three days later, after hours of alarming delirium, he became quiet, rested a short time and expired.

He was always a favorite with womankind, and the pathetic story of his love for his child wife and his exasperating neglect of her are material for the poet and dramatist. His treatment of other women to whom he was engaged at later intervals was one of egregious neglect and shameful insult. Such in brief is the wretched career of one who by right of his genius stands second to no other American.

As a prose writer he is the equal of Hawthorne, whom he much resembles in some traits of his mind and in the melancholy tone of his utterances. As a delineator of the hor-



EDGAR ALLAN POE

1811-1849

rible and the grotesque no one has exceeded him. *The Fall of the House of Usher, Murders in the Rue Morgue, The Black Cat, The Gold Bug,* and *The Manuscript Found in a Bottle,* are some of the most noteworthy of his short stories.

His criticisms were acrimonious, heartless, and not well balanced. Little that he has written of that sort remains as a permanent contribution to our literature. For example, he viciously and unjustly attacked Longfellow for plagiarism and condescended merely to patronize Hawthorne, while he ranked above them both several names then locally prominent which have long since been absolutely forgotten.

His poetry, some of it as weird and uncanny as his prose, is marked by a bewitching melody which fascinates every reader who loves the flowing music of measured lines. George E. Woodberry says of him: "Much as he derived nurture from other sources he was the son of Coleridge by the weird touch in his imagination, by the principles of his analytic criticism, and by the speculative bent of his mind." *The Raven, The Bells, Annabel Lee, Ulalume, To Helen, The Haunted Palace, Israfel,* and *Dream Land,* should be known.

The Philosophy of Composition is a curious essay in which he undertakes to establish a purely mechanical method in the construction of poetry, illustrating his meaning by the exposition of his method of work on *The Raven.*

The really excellent part of Poe's writing is very small, but that is so really excellent that every one regrets the vagaries of a life that crushed so refined a genius.

"The elfin charm, the exquisite fascination, the eerie beauty of much of Poe's verse is incontestable. At times it rises above the reach of analysis; there is witchcraft in it, or, it may be, something purer and nobler than witchcraft. God is never wholly without a witness in any soul, and Poe may have confessed God when he little intended or suspected it."

Our selections from Bryant showed him the poet of nature; our extracts from Poe's writings will exhibit his musical power and his fine expression of sentiment, even though it sometimes rings untrue. Concerning the music there can be no question. For instance, read the following brief ode *To Helen:*

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.
On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece,
  And the grandeur that was Rome.
Lo, in yon brilliant window niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand,
  The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

Annabel Lee he wrote with so rich a meter and so tantalizing a rhythm and with such unforgettable phrases that the reader forgives the sentimentality:

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling,—my darling,—my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

But nothing in our language compares with the varied exhaustive melodies of that extraordinary poem, *The Bells:*

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

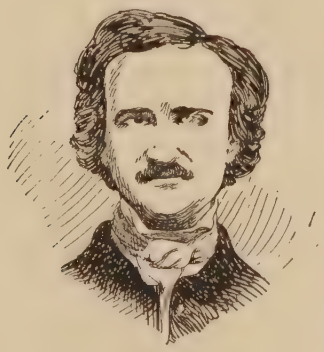
Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clanging of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells:—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells:—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells:—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



EDGAR ALLAN POE

CHAPTER XXVII

THE VICTORIAN AGE

SCIENCE, HISTORY AND ESSAYS

CHARACTERISTICS. Since 1837, at which time England's great Queen assumed the reins of authority, the world has made more progress than during the preceding five hundred years. There has been no grander age in history, though as we write after the great World War which involved directly or indirectly the whole civilized world, it is impossible to form reliable literary conclusions on the past or to prognosticate the future. All we can do is to consider things as they stood at the beginning of the present century.

Since 1837 every department of life and thought has been revolutionized. Close scientific investigation came to be the ruling spirit, and from its activity developed the marvelous forces that have changed the world. We have

had demonstrated once more in horrid bloodshed that it is not a perfect world, but we are still fain to believe that it is a better one than that which saw the American colonies freed from English rule, and infinitely superior to any that preceded that epoch. The spirit of progress manifested itself in so many directions that one can enter no field without finding evidence of its presence. The best minds of the Victorian Age could not accept as truth all that their fathers had believed, nor were they content with their own light. Everything was questioned, not in a skeptical spirit, but with a determination to know the truth, whatever might be the effect. In invention, in religion, in politics, in education and in literature this spirit of inquiry led to extraordinary results.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the way in which inventions multiplied or to call attention to the application of steam and electricity to our daily needs. The electrical telegraph, the wireless, the telephone have brought every section of the world into immediate communication, so that the isolation of communities which characterized earlier periods has ceased to exist, and mankind, if he could do away with his ambitions, his selfishness and his greed, might be one the world over.

The changes of the last hundred years affect every individual in all phases of human activity. It is possible now for man to harvest ten or a hundred acres where before he could

care for but one; cloth is woven with a rapidity and skill that would overwhelm with astonishment the matrons of those other days when the hand loom alone was known. While it has been a practical age, which enabled men to accomplish more than was ever dreamed of before, it has been no less an age active in theoretical and speculative lines. International relations have become closer than they have ever been, and although suspicion and jealousy have brought their evil results, yet the universality of the late war only demonstrates the way in which all nations are tied together. It is inconceivable that when Victoria came to the throne over twenty nations could have united themselves on one side or the other of a great war. Politics has become more scientific, and the destructive influences which made the great war have been developed in a scientific way that would have been incredible in any year of Victoria's reign.

More than ever a man is valued for what he is rather than for what his ancestors left him, and it has been possible for a man to rise by virtue of his intellect and the integrity of his character, regardless of his coat of arms or lack of one. Old lines have been blotted out, new ones have been drawn, and while distinctions of birth and artificial barriers of caste exist yet in many countries, they are rapidly disappearing, and the result of the disastrous struggle through which we passed during 1914–1918 may be infinitely more destructive in this

direction than in any other. Religious toleration has increased, and uncharitable discriminations are much less frequent. Christian people everywhere are uniting on the fundamental principles of human relationships and in reliance on a just and generous God. That the great war involved practically all creeds and did not altogether align them against one another, but split and divided them, may be a further evidence that humanity no longer feels that the dogmas of creed are as essential as right living and may intensify the idea which had already gained much ground, that it is not of so much importance what a man believes as that he believes something good and lives according to his belief.

The Victorian Age in literature is the age of To-day, much as some writers decry it. It is the age of finished production, and it is doubtful if anything will be done that is greater than what already has been accomplished. It is practically inconceivable that the English tongue should be capable of expressing anything not yet expressed or that it should be called upon to record anything more extraordinary than the things for which it has been found sufficient. Consequently, we may consider our tale of the development of English complete when we have finished our account of the Victorian writers. In quantity of publication, no other period has ever approached this age, and the quality of writing has improved until the general level is much higher

than ever before. There have been numberless writers who could express themselves in very attractive form, and whose work was in many ways superior to that which we have praised so abundantly in the ages past. Never has so wide a range of subjects been treated, never so great a host of new ideas brought into literature. From out this great quantity of excellent production have come some masterpieces that have taken their rank among the great things of the earth, and from the countless writers have stood forth some whose names are great beside those of the distinguished of every nation.

In essays the great writers of the Victorian Age found their most congenial home, and the number of writers who achieved distinction in that department is phenomenal. In literary criticism the essayists have been particularly active, and their keen penetration, discriminating analysis and sympathetic interpretation have enabled us of ordinary training to enter easily into the delights of authors whose subtleties were too deep and whose expression too delicate for us to appreciate without assistance. Science, moreover, has been made attractive by a series of great men whose powers of patient investigation have been no greater than their skill in literary expression. The depth and fervor of religious feeling have found vent in inspired words, and as every department of human knowledge has been exploited by brilliant essayists the influence which this form of

literature has had upon the age cannot yet be determined, but it is certainly difficult to overestimate it.

Almost every field has been thoroughly and patiently worked by numerous historians, who have learned to be scientific and accurate in their studies of the epochs upon which they wrote, but who have at the same time used their imagination to recreate the vivid scenes of other days. So great success has been obtained that their books absorb the reader in an interest as intense as he ever felt in the perusal of a thrilling novel, and some of their pictures of strange peoples are painted in living colors. The scope of history, however, has broadened immensely. Although still a record of facts, it now charms as well as instructs, and is far from being confined to mere narration. It deals with causes and effects and traces out in a philosophical way the relationships of events.

The greatest advancement in a literary way has been the development of fiction; during the Victorian Age there have been more great novelists than in all past centuries put together. What the drama was to the Elizabethan Age and poetry to the Romantic Age, the novel has been to the current one. The higher type of novel is not written solely to amuse, but is a serious effort to portray phases of character, to develop a philosophy of life, to study the conditions of society, to investigate social problems or to inspire and instruct the reader. All this means that the novel has ceased to be a Roman-

tic tale and has become a realistic narrative based upon a carefully constructed plot.

The scientific spirit of the age was not satisfied with the fanciful pictures that had delighted earlier readers, nor with the impossibilities and wild imaginings of the old romanticists; from the reaction there arose the modern realism which concerns itself with the everyday events in the lives of everyday people, and these, when pictured by the hand of an artist, are infinitely more fascinating than romances, even those of the great Sir Walter himself. All the greatest novelists of the Victorian Age were realists in the best sense of the word, but in the hands of less gifted writers or those with lower ideals realism sank often to a pessimistic view of the seamy side of life and reveled in pictures of wretchedness and despair, to say nothing of those who descended to impurity and obscenity. The influence of the novel upon character is extraordinary, and as the great majority of modern readers confine themselves so largely to fiction, the novel has become one of the great powers of the century.

Not much less in its influence is that of the short story, of which a multitude are poured forth each year through the medium of newspapers and magazines and are immediately collected in books which have wide circulation. While out of the thousands of stories thus produced every year only a few may be worthy of consideration, yet there now and then ap-

pear some perfect gems of literary art, and not a few writers have made themselves eminently great by adhering strictly to the short story as a medium for the expression of their genius.

Poetry of the purely imaginative type would not be expected in large quantity or of fine merit in such an age of scientific research and practical accomplishment as it would in an age when the people were dreamers of dreams. It is possible, however, for elegance of diction to unite with the practical, truth-loving spirit of the times and produce an artistic and at the same time didactic poetry as far removed from the monotony of some of Wordsworth's duller poems as it is from the sickly sentimentalism of another epoch. Lyric poetry has some of its fine examples in this age and the drama alone is seriously inferior to that of the Elizabethan epoch. A few great names there are and a multitude of lesser ones whose place in the great world of letters cannot be fixed with certainty till the years have given perspective to their work.

This brief summary of the characteristics of the Victorian Age is necessary if we are to understand its great writers, and here again, as in some other instances in our study of the world's literature, it seems desirable not to consider the writers in strictly chronological order, but rather to classify them and treat each in the group in which he is a leader or to which he has the strongest affinity.

II. Science and Philosophy. 1. *Charles Robert Darwin* (1809–1882) was the greatest naturalist of his age and one of the most famous leaders of human thought. He was the grandson of Erasmus Darwin, poet, freethinker and enthusiastic botanist, and the son of Robert Darwin and his wife Suzanna Wedgwood, who was the daughter of the famous manufacturer of Wedgwood pottery. Charles early showed a passion for collection and a taste for chemistry; after leaving Eton he went to Edinburgh and later to Cambridge University, where his studies were more comprehensive. He seems, however, to have been fascinated by zoölogy and botany, a taste which was turned to a passion after he had accepted an appointment as naturalist on board the *Beagle* in its celebrated scientific cruise in 1831 to South America and the Pacific Ocean. On this long voyage Darwin had many opportunities for close observation, and on his return he published a very readable account of his cruise, under the name of *A Naturalist's Voyage Around the World.* By the aid of a grant from the government he was enabled to study minutely the enormous collections made on this great voyage and in so doing still further confirmed his taste for investigation and his power of thought.

In 1859 he published *The Origin of Species,* which expounded the doctrines since known as Darwinism. This is one of the epoch-making books of the world, and it has led to

a complete revolution in human thought. Originally, however, the book was received with a storm of opposition, and Darwin himself was subjected to the bitterest criticism for his atheistic tendencies. However, his ideas rapidly gained ground, and when in 1871 he published *The Descent of Man,* a much more revolutionary theory, it was received with surprising calmness, though its later influence has been much less than that of its predecessor.

Darwin's productivity was immense and his studies unceasing. In a large number of monographs he published the results of his investigations, most of which followed the general line of thought first presented by *The Origin of Species* and are elaborations or special applications of his original theory. Of such a nature are *The Effects of Cross- and Self-Fertilization, The Power of Movement in Plants, Formation of Vegetable Mold through the Action of Worms* and many others equally interesting and exact.

Darwin's ceaseless labor proved too much for his health, which had never been perfect, and after a short but very painful illness he died, at the age of seventy-three, leaving behind him not only a world-wide reputation as a scientist, but among acquaintances and friends the recollection of a singularly winning personality and in men of the younger generation a profound gratitude for his cheerful and willing assistance in their scientific labors.

The Darwinian theory has been so generally accepted, in part at least, that the very phraseology, which originally created such excitement and subjected the writer to such odious attacks, has become a part of the thought of every educated man. The central idea of Darwinism is that there is no independent creation of organic beings, but that nature or man has been able to produce numerous variations of species, that of these the best fitted survived in the struggle for existence, and thus through a process of natural selection multitudinous species exist as they do. *The Descent of Man* carried this doctrine farther and elaborated to a still greater extent the doctrine of sexual selection, which is merely foreshadowed in *The Origin of Species.* Darwin's minute research, clear intellectual insight and wonderful power of logical reasoning were sufficient to originate these great theories of evolution and so to propound them that they have found their way among all classes. That "all organic beings have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed" was sufficient to create intense hostility in the clerical men of his day, for on the surface it appeared to substitute natural causes for divine interference and thereby to destroy the foundation of Scriptural revelation; but so convincing are the arguments of Darwin that the idea is no longer obnoxious—on the contrary, somewhat modified by the subsequent studies of other gifted

men, is so generally accepted by most thinkers that the opposition which first greeted the ideas has changed to an effort to adapt theological dogmas to the principles of an approved science.

2. *Herbert Spencer* (1820–1893) was the son of a schoolmaster at Derby. From various causes he missed a college education and received his early training largely from his father and uncle, so that his later comprehensive mastery of every form of human knowledge is to be attributed to his own unwearied studies. At the age of seventeen he became a civil engineer and followed that profession for nine years, after which time, however, he devoted his life to speculative thought. His *Principles of Psychology* and his *Synthetic Philosophy,* the latter filling ten volumes, elaborated a system of philosophy that carried the Darwinian theories to much wider conclusions; for while the one showed that plants and animals have grown and differentiated from one simple common ancestor, the latter contends that society, morality and religion even have come about by the same process of natural law. No one during the last quarter of the nineteenth century in Europe made more powerful or far-reaching contributions to philosophy than Spencer.

3. *Thomas Huxley* (1825–1895) may be considered as the scientist who has done most to bring to the minds of the people at large an understanding of the new theories of Darwin and Spencer. By means of popular essays and

lectures, many of them illustrated by remarkable experiments, he caught the attention of those who could not read effectively and introduced into the daily conversation of thousands of homes the profoundest theories of his day. While the two great thinkers are excellent reading, they need for the uninitiated the wholesome, common-sense exposition of a man like Huxley.

4. *John Tyndall, Hugh Miller, John Stuart Mill* and several other slightly less eminent men have each in his own way thought, written and carried conviction to the minds of thousands of men. Considered as literature, the work of these scientists and philosophers will not take the highest rank, but their influence upon authors has been so remarkable that they must be ranked as the inspirers if not as the creators of much of the best of Victorian writings. Both prose and poetry show the effect of the new light, but in vastly different ways. The prose writers accepted and advocated the scientific discoveries or actively opposed them. Fiction, so far as it touched the subject at all, did so in a way that brought out the struggle between the old and the new ideas, and the triumph of the one seemed not more frequent than the other. It was the poet, however, whose imagination was caught by the new theories and who accepted them without discussion and with a keenness of intuition that rarely led him into error. Thus we shall find that the poetry of the Victorian Age has not the

lightsome gayety of earlier eras nor the plain, simple acceptance of life as it appears upon the surface, that characterized the early romanticists, but that it often deals with the most serious problems of mind and soul, and not always in a hopeful way. It is the influence of science, of patient investigation and of logical deduction that has wrought this change. Speaking upon this point, E. C. Stedman, in his *Victorian Poets,* says:

It follows that, in any discussion of the recent era, the scientific movement which has engrossed men's thoughts and so radically affected their spiritual and material lives *assumes an importance equal to that of all other forces combined.* The time has been marked by a stress of *scientific* iconoclasm. Its bearing upon theology was long since perceived, and the so-called conflict of Science with Religion is now at its full height. Its bearing upon poetry, through antagonism to the traditional basis of poetic diction, imagery and thought, has been less distinctly stated. The stress has been vaguely felt by the poets themselves, but they are not given to formulating their sensations in the polemical manner of those trained logicians, the churchmen; and the attitude of the latter has so occupied our regard that few have paused to consider the real cause of the technical excellence and spiritual barrenness common in the modern arts of letter and design. Yet it is impossible, when we once set about to look over the field of late English verse, not to see a question of the relations between Poetry and Science pressing for consideration at every turn and outpost. . . .

Every period, however original and creative, has a transitional aspect in its relation to the years before and after. In scientific iconoclasm, then, we have the most important of the symptoms which mark the recent era a transition period, and presently shall observe features in

the structure and composition of its poetry which justify us in thus ranking it. The Victorian poets have flourished in an equatorial region of common sense and demonstrable knowledge. Thought has outlived its childhood, yet has not reached a growth from which experience and reason lead to visions more radiant than the early intuitions. The zone of youthful fancy, excited by unquestioning acceptance of outward phenomena, is now well passed; the zone of cultured imagination is still beyond us. At present skepticism, analysis, scientific conquest, realism, scornful unrest; Apollo has left the heavens. The modern child knows more than the sage of antiquity.

III. History. From the many historians of this wonderful age it is difficult to select any one as the greatest, for their characteristics are so varied and the subjects they treat so different that there is little ground for comparison. Four names, however, are more prominent than others, and in his own particular way each of these surpasses the others.

1. *James A. Froude* (1818–1894) wrote a history of England, which, though sometimes inaccurate, is regarded as one of the most interesting works on the subject. A long series of entertaining and instructive essays on a great variety of topics is his *Short Studies on Great Subjects.*

2. *Edward A. Freeman* (1823–1892), on the the other hand, excels in the carefulness and accuracy of his work, while to a considerable extent he lacks the power of interesting his readers. From among the great variety of subjects upon which he wrote, we may select as his principal works *The History of the Norman*

Conquest, History of the Saracens and *The Growth of the English Constitution.*

3. *The History of the English People* is just what it claims to be, a history of the English *people,* in distinction from the English aristocracy and the royal family. This production, by *John Richard Green* (1837–1883), is the best work of its kind ever written, and its style is such as to make it admirable for general reading.

4. The philosophical historian, who deals with ideas rather than events, is *W. E. H. Lecky* (1838–1903), who, among other important works, has written a *History of European Morals* and a *History of Rationalism in Europe.* The latter is perhaps his greatest work, and its fairness of view, its tolerance, and at the same time its fearlessness make it one of the things no thinking man should leave unread, while many a student will confess that its perusal has marked an epoch in his intellectual growth.

IV. Macaulay as Historian. Although Macaulay may be classified among the historians, his contributions to general literature in the way of poems and essays mark him as somewhat out of the class of the pure historians and entitled to a more lengthy consideration by himself. If at the present time it is somewhat the fashion to decry Macaulay and to claim that he is a mere rhetorician, yet many a reader still looks upon him with delight; upon the world of literature he at one time exerted a

profound influence, and even to-day is considered one of the prominent landmarks of the Victorian Age.

His *History of England from the Accession of James II* places him easily among the foremost of English historians. Though it covers but the sixteen eventful years, from 1685 to 1701, it is an extremely voluminous work in the form of a minute and carefully written narrative that often abounds in fascinating descriptions and exciting episodes which thrill the reader as do the imaginative creations of Scott in those novels which Macaulay professedly meant to rival. Although he was content with a superficial narrative and did not probe deeply into the causes of things, and although his intense partisan spirit biased his judgment, he wrote the very things which people love to read and which they will continue to enjoy far more keenly than the criticisms of the philosophical school. His idea of "The Perfect Historian" may be derived from the following brilliant extract from his essay on *History:*

> The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no facts, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree

in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality;* for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel.*

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle.

We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest,—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate, to the chimney corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders,—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel,—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking,—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold,—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We should perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favorites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesman whom she never dismissed, uniting

in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents,—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne,—the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of *Kenilworth,* without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, and hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the house of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the civil war. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They were merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause,—the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans,—the valor, the policy, the public spirit which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises, —the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchy-man, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican, —all these would enter into the representation.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would

be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which ordinarily proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian, such as we have been attempting to describe, would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakespeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement, and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

V. Macaulay as Essayist. Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859) was born of a parentage that insured a careful bringing up and a position in life that made possible a liberal education. As a child he was remarkably

precocious, with all his tastes inclining toward literary achievement. He was a voracious reader, and before he was ten years of age had written histories and metrical romances with startling freedom and versatility. He was hasty in his work, and much preferred writing something new to perfecting that which he had written. At Cambridge, which he entered at eighteen, he distinguished himself as a debater and as a wide reader, with keen appreciation of the more graceful forms of literary art. While he was in college his father met with such serious financial reverses that Macaulay abandoned the life of easy self-indulgence to which he had become accustomed and took upon himself the care and support of the family.

It is a most admirable character that the great man shows. Laboring hard from early morning till late at night, leading at the same time a busy political life and one of studious literary retirement, he yet found time to earn the affectionate admiration of hosts of friends. Justin McCarthy says of him: "Absolutely without literary affectation, undepressed by early poverty, unspoiled by later and almost unequaled success, he was an independent, quiet, self-relying man, who, in all his noon of fame, found most happiness in the companionship and the sympathy of those he loved, and who, from first to last, was loved most tenderly by those who knew him best."

He was an active and influential member of Parliament, a member of the Cabinet and for

four years in India the legal adviser of the governing council. It was not until 1841 that he was released from public life and was able to devote all his attention to his literary pursuits. His indefatigable labors at last wore him out: in 1852 he was stricken with disease, and in 1859 he died calmly and bravely, grieving only for the sorrow of those whom he left behind.

He cannot be called a great poet, but his spirited ballads are still read and enjoyed by the young and by all who like simple, vigorous movement, clearness of thought and freedom of rhyme. He caught the manly, valorous spirit of the old Roman life and transferred it to his ringing verse. *How Horatius Kept the Bridge* and the other *Lays of Ancient Rome* will not be forgotten while boys love the excitement of struggle and conquest.

It was his essay on *John Milton* that first caught public attention, and though he subsequently felt that his judgment had changed in almost every particular, yet the essay still attracts us by its clear and forcible style, its evident sincerity and genuine feeling. This was written in 1825, and was the first of a large number of articles which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. These essays are both historical and critical. Of the former may be mentioned those on *Hampden, Clive, Warren Hastings* and *Von Ranke;* of the latter class there are a number that discuss the most prominent English authors: *Milton, Byron, Addison* and *Bacon* are examples.

Macaulay was a wonderful talker, and his speeches in Parliament were many times powerful enough to change the vote of that body. He never lacked for words, and his eloquence in the off-hand speech of debate was as marked as in his more studied speeches. Declamatory style which marks the public speaker, repetitions for emphasis, long, sonorous and impressive sentences with skillful antitheses, vivid imagery and remarkable clearness are the marked characteristics of his speaking and his writing. Though he mingles his long and his short sentences so as to give some variety, yet there is a sameness to his style, a dead level of monotonous excellence that becomes wearisome at times. However, this seeming weakness does not detract from the power of some of those striking passages whose perfection of form is universally admitted.

Macaulay was a natural story-teller, and occasionally he brought to his aid in his historic descriptions an imagination that may have colored facts a little, but this defect that makes his descriptions sometimes too strong, sometimes too weak, is rather the result of his natural desire to select salient characteristics and to make vivid impressions than of a failure to appreciate the truth. He says of his purpose in writing his history: "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the table of young ladies."

Vividness of portrayal is characteristic of nearly all his prose. He "calls up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb; shows us over their houses, seats us at their tables, rummages their old-fashioned wardrobes, explains the use of their ponderous furniture."

As an example of his literary style and the minuteness of his observation, we give the following *Comparison of Addison, Voltaire and Swift,* from his essay on *Addison:*

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme.

Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inwardly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an

arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the *World,* in the *Connoisseur,* in the *Mirror,* in the *Lounger,* there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his *Tatlers* and *Spectators.* Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire, was indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If,

as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practiced only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

VI. Carlyle. Thomas Carlyle was born in 1795, and in all respects he was almost everything that Macaulay was not. He was never in politics or public life, but lived in great seclusion; he was not cheerful, happy, or contented, but suffered from the gloom and misery of a lifelong dyspepsia; he was not affable and genial, but irritable, quixotic, gruff and severe;

From Painting by E. Hader

THOMAS CARLYLE
1795–1881

he had little knowledge of real life and little practical common sense, but dwelt in an ideal world, passionate and alone.

He was a poor Scotch boy, timid and sensitive, who earned among his schoolmates the nickname of "Tom the Tearful;" he was a student of theology in the University of Edinburgh, where he was a good scholar and an omnivorous reader; he was a teacher for two years, but abandoned it because he "would prefer to perish in the ditch, if necessary, rather than continue living by such a trade." Unable to accept the creeds of the Church he gave up the ministry, and in 1818 moved to Edinburgh, where he began to study law, supporting himself by teaching private pupils. It was a period of great gloom and despondency. In poor health, with an unassured future and losing faith both in himself and his God, his somber nature urged him to despair. This profound inner struggle left its impress upon his whole career. When at length the clouds were dispelled and through the gloom came the light of the faith that guided him again into confidence and loving relation with God and man, he had received the message which it was the purpose of his subsequent life to deliver to the world. His gospel is a gospel of work, a gospel of duty, self-denial and search for spiritual truth. Of course, it must be delivered in Carlyle's own way, with biting sarcasm and bitter contempt for those who lived in opposition to it. And delivered it was, with the force of

thunderbolts, though underneath the furious tumult of his passionate utterance breathed a spirit of divine love and infinite pity.

In 1826 he married Jane Welsh, a woman of keen intellect, not much inferior to his own. They were ardently attached to each other, though her temper was frequently aroused by his irritable nature and sarcastic utterances. She was able to reply in kind, and their life was at times a stormy one. He buried himself in his work and gave up his own domestic happiness while he sacrificed hers, yet they were well suited to each other, and their love was not destroyed by their bickerings. When but a few weeks after Carlyle's installation as rector of the University of Edinburgh he received the news of his wife's sudden death, it was to him a blow from which he never recovered. His strength seemed to go, and his life became a prolonged season of deepening gloom, during which his physical powers gradually diminished till he died, in 1881. He was buried in the cemetery of the village of Ecclefechan, Scotland, where he was born. A pathetic utterance of his own gives a glimpse of his inner soul as he looked back at his unkindness: "Cherish what is dearest while you have it near you, and wait not till it is far away. Blind and deaf that we are; oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust clouds and dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late."

As a writer Carlyle is not at first easy to read. He is so peculiar, so entirely himself and so different from every one else, so disrespectful toward the canons of good English that one is not willing to accept him as he is. His sentences often follow what seem to us the unnatural order of the German language; they are full of parentheses and rambling clauses, and often are broken, abrupt and apparently incoherent. He uses words that are universally recognized as barbarisms; he makes strange and original compounds that fit his mood; and if in want of a term to express his exact meaning he manufactures it for the occasion. These are his natural weaknesses, but they are so sincere and true to his nature that the reader learns to tolerate and even enjoy their rugged freshness. His style cannot be said to be smooth and melodious, but it is earnest and even fiery—an engine of tremendous force. His words are like flashes of flame, and when his soul is aroused they fall into phrases of great power and of wonderful brilliancy. The following sentence is quoted by Halleck as an illustration of his power in description. He is speaking of Daniel Webster: "the tanned complexion, that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown, the mastiff-mouth, accurately closed."

Carlyle led in the introduction of German thought into England and became the most

skillful interpreter of the mind of that most scientific of nations. He was peculiarly fitted for this both by the excellence of his German scholarship and the natural bent of his mind. The scientific trend of modern English literature may well justify the assertion that the Victorian is the age of German influence, as Shakespeare's time was that of Italian and Dryden's that of French influence. Carlyle was just as much German as English, and his literary hero was Goethe, of whom he says: "Knowest thou no prophet, even in the vesture, environment and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself through all the meanest and highest forms of the common; and by him prophetically revealed, in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—*Goethe.*"

As a literary critic he had a keen appreciation for everything his own style lacked, and at times when his sympathetic soul was moved he wrote in a more delicate and smoother style than usual. Witness this from his estimate of Burns:

We love Burns and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business; and we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet but as a man that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write

a tragedy; time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him till only death opened him an outlet. . . . To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden underfoot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things!

VII. CARLYLE'S WORKS. *Sartor Resartus* (*The Tailor Mended*) is his first book, and one in which he shows most vividly his own personality; but it is written in his most difficult style, with his peculiar modes of expression at their extreme, so that it is not surprising that he had difficulty in finding a publisher, and even when he did find one, recognition was slow, but the author lived to see his book widely read and in eager demand. Its chief thought is that man should learn to tear away the clothes—that is, the words and deeds of the human spirit—and get at the real verities that lie beneath. He satirizes the artificialities of life, and urges men to earnestness and action.

Carlyle was a natural preacher, and an inspired prophet who did not win men by gentle persuasion, but threatened and compelled them to think his thoughts. Having met with no success on a visit to London for the purpose of finding a publisher for *Sartor Resartus,* he wrote his essay on *Characteristics,* which gives the heart of the philosophy to be found in the former work. This essay having been accepted immediately by *Fraser's Magazine* and published without alteration, its success was immediate, and Carlyle's reputation was established.

Heroes and Hero-Worship is a series of six lectures which show how the destiny of the world has been shaped by its great men. Serious readers will find these lectures a fascinating volume, which vividly sets forth the influence of such men as Mohammed, Shakespeare, Napoleon and others. While totally different in style and purpose, the reader cannot help comparing the book with Emerson's *Representative Men.* The following extract from the lecture on *Odin* is in every respect characteristic of his style and method of thought:

We will fancy him to be the Type Norseman; the finest Teuton whom that race had yet produced. The rude Norse heart burst-up into boundless admiration round him; into adoration. He is as a root of so many great things; the fruit of him is found growing, from deep thousands of years, over the whole field of Teutonic Life. Our own Wednesday, as I said, is it not still Odin's Day? Odin grew into England too, these are still leaves from

that root! He was the Chief God to all the Teutonic peoples; their Pattern Norseman;—in such way did *they* admire their Pattern Norseman; that was the fortune he had in the world.

Thus if the man Odin himself have vanished utterly, there is this huge Shadow of him which still projects itself over the whole History of his People. For this Odin once admitted to be God, we can understand well that the whole Scandinavian Scheme of Nature, or dim No-scheme, whatever it might before have been, would now begin to develop itself altogether differently, and grow thenceforth in a new manner. What this Odin saw into, and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic People laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought:—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still. In gigantic confused lineaments, like some enormous camera-obscura shadow thrown upwards from the dead deeps of the Past, and covering the whole Northern Heaven, is not that Scandinavian Mythology in some sort the Portraiture of this man Odin? The gigantic image of *his* natural face, legible or not legible there, expanded and confused in that manner! Ah, Thought, I say, is always Thought. No great man lives in vain. The History of the world is but the Biography of great men.

To me there is something very touching in this primeval figure of Heroism; in such artless, helpless, but hearty entire reception of a Hero by his fellow-men. Never so helpless in shape, it is the noblest of feelings, and a feeling in some shape or other perennial as man himself. If I could show in any measure, what I feel deeply for a long time now, That it is the vital element of manhood, the soul of man's history here in our world, —it would be the chief use of this discoursing at present. We do not now call our great men Gods, nor admire *without* limit; ah no, *with* limit enough! But if we have no great men, or do not admire at all,—that were a still worse case.

This poor Scandinavian Hero-worship, that whole Norse way of looking at the Universe, and adjusting oneself there, has an indestructible merit for us. A rude childlike way of recognizing the divineness of Nature, the divineness of Man; most rude, yet heartfelt, robust, giantlike; betokening what a giant of a man this child would yet grow to!—It was a truth, and is none. Is it not as the half-dumb stifled voice of the long-buried generations of our own Fathers, calling out of the depths of ages to us, in whose veins their blood still runs: "This then, this is what *we* made of the world: this is all the image and notion we could form to ourselves of this great mystery of a Life and Universe. Despise it not. You are raised high above it, to large free scope of vision; but you too are not yet at the top. No, your notion too, so much enlarged, is but a partial, imperfect one; that matter is a thing no man will ever, in time or out of time, comprehend; after thousands of years of ever-new expansion, man will find himself but struggling to comprehend again a part of it: the thing is larger than man, not to be comprehended by him; an Infinite thing!"

The essence of the Scandinavian, as indeed of all Pagan Mythologies, we found to be recognition of the divineness of Nature; sincere communion of man with the mysterious invisible Powers visibly seen at work in the world round him. This, I should say, is more sincerely done in the Scandinavian than in any Mythology I know. Sincerity is the great characteristic of it. Superior sincerity (far superior) consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul: most earnest, honest; childlike, and yet manlike; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring, unfearing way. A right valiant, true old race of men. Such recognition of Nature one finds to be the chief element of Paganism: recognition of Man, and his Moral Duty, though this too is not wanting, comes to be the chief element only in purer forms of religion. Here,

indeed, is a great distinction and epoch in Human Beliefs; a great landmark in the religious development of Mankind. Man first puts himself in relation with Nature and her Powers, wonders and worships over those; not till a later epoch does he discern that all Power is Moral, that the grand point is the distinction for him of Good and Evil, of *Thou shalt* and *Thou shalt not.*

With regard to all these fabulous delineations in the *Edda,* I will remark, moreover, as indeed was already hinted, that most probably they must have been of much newer date; most probably, even from the first, were comparatively idle for the old Norsemen, and as it were a kind of Poetic sport. Allegory and Poetic Delineation, as I said above, cannot be religious Faith; the Faith itself must first be there, then Allegory enough will gather round it, as the fit body round its soul. The Norse Faith, I can well suppose, like other Faiths, was most active while it lay mainly in the silent state, and had not yet much to say about itself, still less to sing.

Among those shadowy *Edda* matters, amid all that fantastic congeries of assertions, and traditions, in their musical Mythologies, the main practical belief a man could have was probably not much more than this: of the *Valkyrs* and the *Hall of Odin;* of an inflexible *Destiny;* and that the one thing needful for a man was *to be brave.* The *Valkyrs* are Choosers of the Slain; a Destiny inexorable, which it is useless trying to bend or soften, has appointed who is to be slain; this was a fundamental point for the Norse believer;—as indeed it is for all earnest men everywhere, for a Mahomet, a Luther, for a Napoleon too. It lies at the basis this for every such man; it is the woof out of which his whole system of thought is woven. The *Valkyrs;* and then that these *Choosers* lead the brave to a heavenly *Hall of Odin;* only the base and slavish being thrust elsewhither, into the realms of Hela the Death-goddess: I take this to have been the soul of the whole Norse Belief. They understood in their heart that it was indispensable to be brave; that Odin would have no favor for them, but despise and

thrust them out, if they were not brave. Consider too whether there is not something in this! It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valor* is still *value*. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear*. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got Fear under his feet. Odin's creed, if we disentangle the real kernel of it, is true to this hour. A man shall and must be valiant; he must march forward, and quit himself like a man,—trusting imperturbably in the appointment and *choice* of the upper Powers; and, on the whole, not fear at all. Now and always, the completeness of his victory over Fear will determine how much of a man he is.

It is doubtless very savage that kind of valor of the old Northmen. Snorri tells us they thought it a shame and misery not to die in battle; and if natural death seemed to be coming on, they would cut wounds in their flesh, that Odin might receive them as warriors slain. Old kings, about to die, had their body laid into a ship; the ship sent forth, with sails set and slow fire burning it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze-up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean! Wild bloody valor; yet valor of its kind; better, I say, than none. In the old Sea-kings too, what an indomitable rugged energy! Silent, with closed lips, as I fancy them, unconscious that they were specially brave; defying the wild ocean with its monsters, and all men and things;—progenitors of our own Blakes and Nelsons! No Homer sang these Norse Sea-kings; but Agamemnon's was a small audacity, and of small fruit in the world, to some of them;—to Hrolf's of Normandy, for instance! Hrolf, or Rollo Duke of Normandy, the wild Sea-king, has a share in governing England at this hour.

Nor was it altogether nothing, even that wild sea-roving and battling, through so many generations. It needed to be ascertained which was the *strongest* kind of

men; who were to be ruler over whom. Among the Northland Sovereigns, too, I find some who got the title *Woodcutter;* Forest-felling Kings. Much lies in that. I suppose at bottom many of them were forest-fellers as well as fighters, though the Skalds talk mainly of the latter, —misleading certain critics not a little; for no nation of men could ever live by fighing alone; there could not produce enough come out of that! I suppose the right good fighter was oftenest also the right good forest-feller, —the right good improver, discerner, doer and worker in every kind; for true valor, different enough from ferocity, is the basis of all. A more legitimate kind of valor that; showing itself against the untamed Forests and dark brute Powers of Nature, to conquer Nature for us. In the same direction have not we their descendants carried it far? May such valor last forever with us!

That the man Odin, speaking with a Hero's voice and heart, as with an impressiveness out of Heaven, told his People the infinite importance of Valor, how man thereby became a god; and that his People, feeling a response to it in their own hearts, believed this message of his, and thought it a message out of Heaven, and him a Divinity for telling it them: this seems to me the primary seed-grain of the Norse Religion, from which all manner of mythologies, symbolic practices, speculations, allegories, songs and sagas would naturally grow. Grow,—how strangely! I called it a small light shining and shaping in the huge vortex of Norse darkness. Yet the darkness itself was *alive;* consider that. It was the eager inarticulate uninstructed Mind of the whole Norse People, longing only to become articulate, to go on articulating ever farther! The living doctrine grows, grows;—like a Banyan-tree; the first *seed* is the essential thing: any branch strikes itself down into the earth, becomes a new root; and so, in endless complexity, we have a whole wood, a whole jungle, one seed the parent of it all. Was not the whole Norse Religion, accordingly, in some sense, what we called "the enormous shadow of this man's likeness?" Critics trace some affinity in some Norse mythuses, of

the Creation and suchlike, with those of the Hindoos. The Cow Adumbla, "licking the rime from the rocks," has a kind of Hindoo look. A Hindoo Cow, transported into frosty countries. Probably enough; indeed we may say undoubtedly, these things will have a kindred with the remotest lands, with the earliest times. Thought does not die, but only is changed. The first man that began to think in this Planet of ours, he was the beginner of all. And then the second man, and the third man;—nay, every true Thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaches men *his* way of thought, spreads a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the History of the World.

The French Revolution, nominally a history, is in reality a series of brilliant pictures and poetic outbursts of deep feeling. If the reader is quite well acquainted with the course of events during this extraordinary period, Carlyle's rhapsodies will be appreciated, and the lesson the great Scotch preacher has to give will be understood, namely, that God sees through all hypocrisies, and that sooner or later all wrong-doing, national or private, will meet with justice and be punished to the uttermost. *Frederick the Great,* a heavy work which shows vast research during the thirteen years taken for composing it; *The Life and Letters of Cromwell,* which restored the Puritan hero to his natural place in the minds of his countrymen; and *Past and Present* conclude the list of his most influential works.

From *Past and Present* we take the following extract on *Happiness:*

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble: be that here said and asserted once more. And

in like manner, too, all dignity is painful; a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us as a Sublime Sadness,—earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labor. Our highest religion is named the "Worship of Sorrow." For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!—These things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts alive in every heart, were once well known.

Does not the whole wretchedness, the whole *Atheism* as I call it, of man's ways, in these generations, shadow itself for us in that unspeakable Life-philosophy of his: The pretension to be what he calls "happy?" Every pitifullest whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that he is, shall be, or by all human and divine laws ought to be, "happy." His wishes, the pitifullest whipster's, are to be fulfilled for him; his days, the pitifullest whipster's, are to flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment, impossible even for the gods. The prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt love pleasant things, and find them. The people clamor, "Why have we not found pleasant things?"

We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle. "The word *Soul* with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with *Stomach.*" We plead and speak, in our Parliaments and elsewhere, not as from the Soul, but from the Stomach;—wherefore, indeed, our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God's Justice; we are not ashamed to stand clamoring and pleading for our own "interests," our own rents and trade-profits; we say, "They are the 'interests' of so many; there is such an intense desire in us for them!" We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevolence, that the poorer classes, who are terribly ill-off at present, may have cheaper New-Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-trade platforms, How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon? We shall

become a ruined Nation!—Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable: but, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that. You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me fast becoming a rather unhappy one.—What if we should cease babbling about "happiness," and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do!

A gifted Byron rises in his wrath; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not "happy," declares the same in very violent language, as a piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings: but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the *truth* in this matter. . . .

"Happy," my brother? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays; and then there is no question whatever of the "happiness," but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left at least for thyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them; thou shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser!—A benevolent old Surgeon sat once in our company, with a Patient fallen sick by gourmandising, whom he had just, too briefly in the Patient's judgment, been examining. The foolish Patient still at intervals continued to break in on our discourse, which rather promised to take a philosophic turn: "But I have lost my appetite," said he, objurgatively, with a tone of irritated pathos; "I have no appetite; I can't eat!"—"My dear fellow," answered the Doctor in mildest tone, "it isn't of the slightest consequence;"—and continued his philosophical discoursings with us!

Or does the reader not know the history of that Scottish iron Misanthrope? The inmates of some town-man-

sion, in those Northern parts, were thrown into the fearfullest alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition-wall! Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarring, growling and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began, in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song: "Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable! Clack-clack-clack, gnarr-r-r, whuz-z: Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mees*-erable!"—Rest, rest, perturbed spirit;—or indeed, as the good old Doctor said: My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence! But no; the perturbed spirit could not rest; and to the neighbors, fretted, affrighted, or at least insufferably bored by him, it *was* of such consequence that they had to go and examine in his haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber, they find that the perturbed spirit is an unfortunate—Imitator of Byron? No, is an unfortunate rusty Meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work; and this, in Scottish dialect, is *its* Byronian musical Life-philosophy, sung according to ability!

To conclude this brief account, we use a quotation which will justify itself. It is Carlyle's *Gospel of Work:*

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small. Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all noble-

ness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone. . . .

Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring gospel: Work, and herein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work;—and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest until thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient and productive to see. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is an eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him; the subject not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness—attack it I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the silence of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn ages; the old Graves, with their long moldering dust, the very tears that

wetted it, now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdom—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

VIII. Ruskin. The life of John Ruskin covered the last eight decades of the nineteenth century, though for the last twenty years he suffered from ill health and constantly increasing loss of physical and mental power. Yet, after the death of Tennyson, he was unquestionably England's greatest writer, in daily receipt of every token of public respect and esteem. Both as an art critic and a social reformer his fame is secure, and his gorgeous style will always be the envy of ambitious artists in literature.

John Ruskin (1819–1900) was the only child of a wealthy London wine merchant and his wife, the latter a very stern, devoted Calvinist, who brought up her child with rigid care for all that she considered essential in the discipline of his immortal soul. Intended for the

Church, much of Ruskin's early education was based upon a minute and exacting study of the Bible, undertaken at home, where all his education was given until at the age of seventeen he entered Christ Church, Oxford. Even here his mother's watchful care persisted, and she took up lodgings near him. While in Oxford he was not particularly distinguished, though he did win a prize for a poem, and it was not until 1843 that he left college with his degree, for successive periods of ill health had hindered his advancement.

He studied painting and became infatuated with the genius of Turner, whose work he undertook to defend and praise in a volume which finally developed into his *Modern Painters.* This production attracted immediate attention for brilliancy of style and striking originality. By 1849 he had turned his attention to another art, and had produced his *Seven Lamps of Architecture.* The marriage into which he entered under the insistent promptings of his stern mother proved extremely unhappy, and in 1854 it was annulled. Yet during these tragic years he wrote the most accurate and finished of all his works, *The Stones of Venice,* which placed him first among European art critics. Ruskin, though now thirty-four years of age, was still hampered by his mother's interference, but he now came forward as a lecturer upon new subjects.

At successive times Cambridge and Oxford both honored him with professorships, and he

lectured at those universities for many years. It was as a social reformer, however, that his positive ideas and enthusiastic utterances made the greatest impression. He strove to improve the condition of the laboring classes, and some of his most stirring eloquence is found in his addresses to working men. He was an inveterate student, and it was largely owing to his excessive labors and continued lecturing that his health was undermined.

Ruskin was tall and spare, with a serene face, but liable at all times to furious outbursts of rage and despair. From these he took refuge in "the only constant form of true religion, namely, useful work and faithful love and stintless charity." The large fortune, estimated to be three-quarters of a million dollars, left him by his father, he expended in public and private beneficence, not infrequently at the expense of his own comfort and ease. Some of his enterprises were Quixotic in the extreme, but his wasteful extravagance was probably to be attributed to his failing mental powers. The last fifteen years of his life he lived at Brantwood, his private estate at Coniston, in the beautiful Lake Region.

By the time he was of age, Ruskin was a skillful and finished writer, possessing dexterous power in the use of all the elements of beautiful prose, and he has never been excelled in his artistic presentation of the subjects he chose. As has been said, "He began by mingling with the romantic freshness of Scott

qualities derived from the poets and the painters, 'vialfuls, as it were, of Wordsworth's reverence, Shelley's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy.' " His study of the Bible had given him a command of its musical style, and when he tinted this with his vivid imagination his word paintings were as clear and as rich as the colors of the artist he admired. A keen observer, with a shrewd appreciation of the value of things, he possessed also to an astonishing degree the rare power of being able effectively to translate into words his feelings and conclusions. His pure descriptions are his finest works, for his imperfect nature and his violent, unreasoning sympathies and prejudices made him an unwise leader in many directions; but he enjoys, nevertheless, the unique distinction of having excited in thousands of minds an appreciation of the beautiful, and inspiring in them a search for it everywhere.

IX. The Works of Ruskin. Besides the books mentioned in the preceding section, Ruskin produced a great many works covering so wide a range of subjects that it is difficult to name those of highest rank. His views on social science are pronounced in *Unto This Last* and *Munera Pulveris,* written a year later. In his mind, political economy is the science "which teaches nations to desire and labor for the things that lead to life and teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction." Not in the accumulation of houses

and lands does the highest form of wealth consist, but in "producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed human creatures." At the time of publication, these essays were met by a violent opposition, which, however, has long since died out. Most popular of all his works is *Sesame and Lilies,* consisting of three wise and noble lectures on *Reading, Woman's Education* and *The Mystery of Life.*

In the last essay he declares the purpose of life to be service:

The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure—forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the devil's power.

From the same source comes the following extract on *Books:*

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entree* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for,* I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the

guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and

in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

The Crown of Wild Olive, lectures which treat of work, traffic and war; *Time and Tide,* twenty-five letters to a working man, discussing fearlessly such questions as contentment, pleasure, education, marriage and others that

the author thought might be helpful to the laboring classes of England; and *Praeterita,* his autobiography, are the most noteworthy of his other works. The following brief extract from the last gives us an interesting sidelight on his character:

But the quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the stone staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles water-works down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud from each, with accumulating splash, down to the next one.

The following passage, descriptive of St. Mark's, is from *The Stones of Venice:*

And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the center, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable

wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canon's children are walking with their nursery-maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great moldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their

feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calla Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen,—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscoted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print colored and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a

faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostriani a Soldi 28.32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply molded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark

seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of checkered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And around the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the

Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendor on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the venders of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its center the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the

organ notes,—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowds thickening round them,—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarded children,—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity and their throats hoarse with cursing,—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

That we may not enter the church out of the midst of the horror of this, let us turn aside under the portico which looks towards the sea, and passing round within the two massive pillars brought from St. Jean d'Acre, we shall find the gate of the Baptistery; let us enter there. The heavy door closes behind us, and the light, and the turbulence of the Piazzetta, are together shut out by it.

We are in a low vaulted room; vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and checkered with gloomy figures: in the center is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the Baptist standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from a window high in the wall, and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn towards the window, that the sleeper might be wakened early;—only there are two angels who have drawn the curtain back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead forever, and dies away upon his breast.

The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like

the foundations of a tower: the height of it above is bound by the fillet of the ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the center of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if in a field in summer.

It is the Doge Andrea Dandolo, a man early great among the great of Venice; and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

Look around at the room in which he lies. The floor of it is of rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin,—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful; the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channeled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the color of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ; but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the "Principalities and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line,

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,"

and around the other, the Apostles; Christ the center of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated,

the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore. "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewn down, and cast into the fire." Yes, verily: to be baptized with fire, or to be cast therein; it is the choice set before all men. The march-notes still murmur through the grated window, and mingle with the sounding in our ears of the sentence of judgment, which the old Greek has written on that Baptistery wall. Venice has made her choice.

He who lies under that stony canopy would have taught her another choice, in his day, if she would have listened to him; but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips.

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest, let us enter the church itself. It is lost in still deeper twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a Cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colors along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and

graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolized together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapt round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms, and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the center of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment.

The following extract on *The Didactic Nature of Art* is from *The Queen of the Air:*

Then further, observe, I have said (and you will find it true, and that to the uttermost) that, as all lovely art is rooted in virtue, so it bears fruit of virtue, and is didactic in its own nature. It is often didactic also in actually expressed thought, as Giotto's, Michael Angelo's, Durer's, and hundreds more; but that is not its special function; it is didactic chiefly by being beautiful; but beautiful with haunting thought, no less than with form, and full of myths that can be read only with the heart.

For instance, at this moment there is open beside me as I write, a page of Persian manuscript, wrought with wreathed azure and gold, and soft green, and violet, and ruby and scarlet, into one field of pure resplendence. It is wrought to delight the eyes only; and does delight them; and the man who did it assuredly had eyes in his

head; but not much more. It is not didactic art, but its author was happy; and it will do the good, and the harm, that mere pleasure can do. But, opposite me, is an early Turner drawing of the lake of Geneva, taken about two miles from Geneva, on the Lausanne road, with Mount Blanc in the distance. The old city is seen lying beyond the waveless waters, veiled with a sweet misty veil of Athena's weaving; a faint light of morning, peaceful exceedingly, and almost colorless, shed from behind the Voirons, increases into soft amber along the slope of the Saleve, and is just seen, and no more, on the fair warm fields of its summit, between the folds of a white cloud that rests upon the grass, but rises, high and tower-like, into the zenith of dawn above.

There is not as much color in that low amber light upon the hill-side as there is in the palest dead leaf. The lake is not blue, but gray in mist, passing into deep shadow beneath the Voirons' pines; a few dark clusters of leaves, a single white flower—scarcely seen—are all the gladness given to the rocks of the shore. One of the ruby spots of the Eastern manuscript would give color enough for all the red that is in Turner's entire drawing. For the mere pleasure of the eye, there is not so much in all those lines of his, throughout the entire landscape, as in half an inch square of the Persian's page. What made him take pleasure in the low color that is only like the brown of a dead leaf?—in the cold gray of dawn—in the one white flower among the rocks—in these—and no more than these?

He took pleasure in them because he had been bred among English fields and hills; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart, and its powers of thought in his brain; because he knew the stories of the Alps, and of the cities at their feet; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds, and beheld the gods of dawn, and the givers of dew to the fields; because he knew the faces of the crags, and the imagery of the passionate mountains, as a man knows the face of his friend; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow

concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea kings; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit, born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth. And the picture contains also, for us, just this which its maker had in him to give; and can convey it to us, just so far as we are of the temper in which it must be received. It is didactic if we are worthy to be taught, not otherwise. The pure heart, it will make more pure; the thoughtful, more thoughtful. It has in it no words for the reckless or the base.

As I myself look at it, there is no fault nor folly of my life—and both have been many and great—that does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art, and its vision. So far as I can rejoice in, or interpret either, my power is owing to what of right there is in me. I dare to say it, that, because through all my life I have desired good, and not evil; because I have been kind to many; have wished to be kind to all; have willfully injured none; and because I have loved much, and not selfishly; therefore, the morning light is yet visible to me on those hills, and you, who read, may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you; and you will be glad afterwards that you have trusted them.

X. Arnold. Matthew Arnold (1822–1888), critic and poet, was the son of the famous Thomas Arnold, head master of the Rugby school for boys. Every one who has read *Tom Brown's School Days* knows the noble Dr. Arnold, and can believe that his son would have all the advantages that sound training and

liberal education could give him. Matthew entered Oxford in 1841 and was graduated in 1844. Thenceforth his was a busy life, devoted to educational and literary pursuits. For twenty-five years he was connected with the British schools, acting as inspector, and for ten years of that time was professor of poetry at Oxford. He traveled and wrote in the interests of the schools, and devoted much of his time to inspection and the humdrum work of reading examination papers. However much this drudgery weighed upon him, he never allowed it to interfere with the happiness of his life nor with his devotion to his family. The editor of his letters says: "As we think of him, endearing traits of character come crowding on the memory,—his merry interest in his friends' concerns; his love of children; his kindness to animals; his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancor, and envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty and cleverness. . . . He was preëminently a good man; gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, and unfailing friend."

As a literary critic he ranks above Carlyle and Macaulay, by virtue of the delicacy of his insight and the carefulness and minuteness of his analysis. His own standards were high, and he had the power of seeing what was noblest and best in others. His *Essays in Criticism,* of which there are two volumes, contain most of the articles he published in

that vein. In *Literature and Dogma* and *God and the Bible* he gives his ideas of religion and applies the higher criticism to religious writings. In his conclusions he rejects whatever is miraculous, but upholds the teachings of Christ. He would not overthrow Christianity, and believes it will survive; that those who throw it aside will accept it again when they know it better. His style is clear, classic and refined. He never leaves his readers in doubt, and often enforces his meaning by happy expressions that fix themselves in the memory. He was an ardent advocate of culture in the broad sense of the term, that is, "total perfection by means of getting to know, on all matters that most concern us, the best which has been thought and said in the world."

The scholarly nature of his writings is such that they will probably not appeal deeply to the average reader, but they will make a vivid impression on thinkers.

Though he probably cannot be ranked among the greatest poets, yet he wrote much that is characterized by depth of thought and pure classic form. His poetry belongs to that period of the century when science and dogmatic theology were contending for supremacy, and is full of doubt and unrest. If he offers a creed at all it is one of duty and endurance, with little faith in ultimate rejoicings. In *Sohrab and Rustum* he gives a narrative of Persian warfare, in the stately form and with much of the noble simplicity of the old Greek

epic. It is the most readable of his poems for beginners.

Arnold's literary estimate of the great dramatist may be best shown in the following sonnet *To Shakespeare:*

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality:
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honor'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

An example of Arnold's lyrics is the following ode *To Marguerite:*

Yes: in the sea of life enisl'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone.*
—The islands feel the enclasping flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens, on starry nights,
The nightingales divinely sing,
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour;

Oh, then a longing like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent;

—For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent.
Now round us spreads the watery plain—
Oh, might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?
Who renders vain their deep desire?
—A God, a God their severance rul'd;
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

Another phase of Arnold's poetic genius may be seen in this extract from *The Church of Brou:*

So sleep, for ever sleep, O Marble Pair!
And if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carv'd Western Front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright
Prophets, transfigur'd Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;
And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby;—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds,
And looking down on the warm rosy tints
That chequer, at your feet, the illumin'd flints,
Say—"*What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!"—
Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
Shedding her pensive light at intervals
The moon through the clerestory windows shines,
And the wind washes in the mountain pines.
Then, gazing up through the dim pillars high,
The foliag'd marble forest where ye lie,

"Hush—" ye will say—*"it is eternity!*
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the Heavenly Palaces."
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear
The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
And on the lichen-crusted leads above
The rustle of the eternal rain of Love.

Arnold visited America and lectured, returning to write in a spirit of kindly though sometimes severe criticism upon the hurry and extravagance of American life. He died suddenly at Liverpool in 1888, one of the most conspicuous literary men of his time, one who had established himself as the exponent of the highest and best in life and who had lived as he had taught.

Following are two rather brief extracts from Arnold's prose. The first, on *The Spirit of the English Nation,* is from *The Literary Influence of Academies:*

What are the essential characteristics of the spirit of our nation? Now, certainly, an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Our greatest admirers would not claim for us that we have these in a preëminent degree; they might say that we had more of them than our detractors gave us credit for; but they would not assert them to be our essential characteristics. They would rather allege, as our chief spiritual characteristics, energy and honesty; and, if we are judged favorably and positively, not invidiously and negatively, our chief characteristics are no doubt these: energy and honesty, not an open and clear mind, not a quick and flexible intelligence. Openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence were very signal characteristics of the Athenian people in ancient times; everybody will feel that. Openness of mind, and flexibility of intelligence

are remarkable characteristics of the French people in modern times; at any rate they strikingly characterize them as compared with us; I think everybody, or almost everybody, will feel that. I will not now ask what more the Athenian or the French spirit has than this, nor what short-comings either of them may have as a set-off against this; all I want now to point out is that they have this, and that we have it in a much lesser degree. Let me remark, however, that not only in the moral sphere, but also in the intellectual and spiritual sphere, energy and honesty are most important and fruitful qualities; that, for instance, of what we call genius, energy is the most essential part. So, by assigning to a nation energy and honesty as its chief spiritual characteristics—by refusing to it, as at all eminent characteristics, openness of mind and flexibility of intelligence—we do not by any means, as some people might at first suppose, relegate its importance and its power of manifesting itself with effect from the intellectual to the moral sphere. We only indicate its probable special line of successful activity in the intellectual sphere, and, it is true, certain imperfections and failings to which, in this sphere, it will always be subject. Genius is mainly an affair of energy, and poetry is mainly an affair of genius; therefore a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in poetry;—and we have Shakespeare. Again, the highest reach of science is, one may say, an inventive power, a faculty of divination, akin to the highest power exercised in poetry; therefore a nation whose spirit is characterized by energy may well be eminent in science; —and we have Newton. Shakespeare and Newton: in the intellectual sphere there can be no higher names. And what that energy, which is the life of genius, above everything demands and insists upon, is freedom; entire independence of all authority, prescription, and routine —the fullest room to expand as it will. Therefore, a nation whose chief spiritual characteristic is energy, will not be very apt to set up in intellectual matters, a fixed standard, an authority, like an academy. By this it

certainly escapes certain real inconveniences and dangers, and it can, at the same time, as we have seen, reach undeniably splendid heights in poetry and science. On the other hand, some of the requisites of intellectual work are especially the affair of quickness of mind and flexibility of intelligence. The form, the method of evolution, the precision, the proportions, the relations of the parts to the whole, in an intellectual work, depend mainly upon them. And these are the elements of an intellectual work which are really most communicable from it, which can most be learned and adopted from it, which have, therefore, the greatest effect upon the intellectual performance of others. Even in poetry these requisites are very important; and the poetry of a nation, not eminent for the gifts on which they depend, will, more or less, suffer by this short-coming. In poetry, however, they are, after all, secondary, and energy is the first thing; but in prose they are of first-rate importance. In its prose literature, therefore, and in the routine of intellectual work generally, a nation with no particular gifts for these will not be so successful. These are what, as I have said, can to a certain degree be learned and appropriated, while the free activity of genius cannot. Academies consecrate and maintain them, and, therefore, a nation with an eminent turn for them naturally establishes academies. So far as routine and authority tend to embarrass energy and inventive genius, academies may be said to be obstructive to energy and inventive genius, and, to this extent, to the human spirit's general advance. But then this evil is so much compensated by the propagation, on a large scale, of the mental aptitudes and demands which an open mind and a flexible intelligence naturally engender, genius itself, in the long run, so greatly finds its account in this propagation, and bodies like the French Academy have such power for promoting it, that the advance of the human spirit is, perhaps, on the whole, rather furthered than impeded by their existence.

How much greater is our nation in poetry than in prose! How much better, in general, do the productions

of its spirit show in the qualities of genius than in the qualities of intelligence! One may constantly remark this in the work of individuals; how much more striking, in general, does any Englishman—of some vigor of mind, but by no means a poet—seem in his verse than in his prose! His verse partly suffers from his not being really a poet, partly, no doubt, from the very same defects which impair his prose, and he cannot express himself with thorough success in it. But how much more powerful a personage does he appear in it, by dint of feeling, and of originality and movement of ideas, than when he is writing prose! With a Frenchman of like stamp it is just the reverse: set him to write poetry, he is limited, artificial, and impotent; set him to write prose, he is free, natural and effective. The power of French literature is in its prose-writers, the power of English literature is in its poets.

The second extract is from *Culture and Anarchy,* and contains an epitome of Arnold's famous doctrine of *Sweetness and Light:*

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail.* It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how

those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished, and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea;* and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and

Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seedtimes, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

The Forsaken Merman, a charming little narrative with lyrical beauty, is based on one of those early legends common to many nations:

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!

This way, this way!
Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore,
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?

When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow-paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.

Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

XI. Minor Essayists. The tale of Victorian essayists is far from complete, but two, at least, among the greater, we shall meet again as novelists, in which category they are rather to be placed, though nothing exceeds the charm of Stevenson's delightful composition or the humor of Thackeray at his best. A host of excellent writers have made the essay the powerful factor it is in twentieth century literature, and among those of the Victorian Age, one more, at least, demands a brief mention.

Walter Pater, a quiet, affectionate, shy gentleman, who lived at Oxford, as though not a part of it, has left upon refined literature an indelible mark. Although when he died in 1894 he was almost obscure, and his essays and romances were almost unknown outside the narrow circle of the highly cultured, yet as the years have passed he has grown increasingly popular with scholarly readers and young writers. More thoroughly classical than Arnold, possessing abiding faith in the superiority of Greek culture, he was an artist in execution, in spite of peculiarities of style which to a considerable extent are the result of his classical studies. The reader often wonders at his involved sentences and his departure from the natural order of an English sentence, but never fails to gather his meaning or to admire the richness of his sentiment and the exquisite beauty of his expression. His *Marius the Epicurean* can scarcely be called a novel, but it is a charming exposition of Pater's own philosophy, embodied in classic guise. As an example of his style we give an extract from the *Child in the House,* an account of the development of an extremely sensitive child, who in many respects must have resembled the author. The whole essay, which was published originally as an imaginary portrait, is a gem in itself, from which it seems almost sacrilege to make a brief selection:

The *old house,* as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it (as all children do, who can recollect

a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives), really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrum of colored silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighboring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weathervanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog, because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness or special fine-

ness in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumors of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and brown-and-golden Wall-flower—*Flos Parietis,* as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travelers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighboring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells—a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble—all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognized imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world.

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly; things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain; while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE VICTORIAN AGE (CONTINUED)

FICTION

THACKERAY. Dickens, it is true, reached the maturity of his powers before Thackeray, and the two are so intimately associated in the public mind that it might seem proper to begin this chapter with an account of the former writer. Moreover, the two as novelists give us an unrivaled picture of England in the middle of the nineteenth century, Dickens portraying the lower classes and Thackeray the higher, and it is inevitable that comparisons will be made between the work of the two; yet because of Thackeray's relationship to the essayists, whom we have considered in the previous chapter, it seems wise

to take the younger man first and reserve our comparisons for a later page.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811–1863) was born in Calcutta, where his father was in the service of the East India Company, but at the age of six the boy was sent to England to be educated. In his essay on *George III* is a vivid little picture of his arrival:

> When I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man: "that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!" There were people in the British dominions besides that poor Calcutta serving-man, with an equal horror of the Corsican ogre.

When in 1821 his mother came back with her second husband they settled in Devonshire. William was devoted to his mother and was no less fond of his step-father, whom afterward he is said to have painted in the character of Colonel Newcome. Thackeray studied for six years at Charterhouse, of which he has given us a vivid description in *The Newcomes*. Then for a year he was at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he found Tennyson a brilliant student. In his European travel he met Goethe, spent some time in Weimar, and on returning to England began the study of law. Having inherited from his father a fortune

estimated at a hundred thousand dollars, he looked forward to a life of ease, in which he could indulge his own ambitions, but the failure of an Indian bank suddenly put him entirely upon his own resources, and he entered literature as editor and proprietor of the *National Standard,* a periodical devoted to art and literature. This, however, proved a failure, and Thackeray went to Paris to study art. For many years thereafter he furnished sketches to the magazines, illustrated his own work, and in one instance offered to illustrate *Pickwick* for his great rival, but unfortunately his services were declined by Dickens.

In 1836 he married the daughter of a colonel in the Indian army, and, having settled in London, began upon his literary career. His life was not adventurous, but he had his share of trials and bore them unflinchingly. When a very few years after their marriage his wife lost her reason and was sent to a private asylum, Thackeray buried his grief and continued his droll sketches that were bringing pleasure to so many readers throughout England. His kindly, sympathetic and religious nature increased in serenity as the years passed, and his sunny confidence in the ultimate triumph of righteousness never left him. His character shows everywhere in his writings, and though he was often fiercely satirical and almost cynical, yet he attacked only sham, pretense and wickedness, such faults as might be corrected. He never satirized the irremediable, and so,

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
1811–1863

though often compared to Swift, there is an unvarying contrast in their writings, for the latter rejoiced in laying bare the weaknesses of human nature which he despised. As an example of Thackeray's sharp criticism and his humorous way of reaching a point, the following may be cited:

> The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the *Dunciad*. If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in hay lofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee house and paid his two pence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, trips, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and clamorous landladies were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the *Dunciad*, and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit.

Thackeray's style is graceful, clear and vigorous, following his great eighteenth-century model, Addison, and always appears to the reader like the natural, unrestrained expression of the author's thought. Halleck says: "Thackeray writes as a cultured, ideal, old gentleman may be imagined to talk to the young people, while he sits in his comfortable

armchair in a corner by the fireplace. The charm of freshness, quaintness and colloquial familiarity is seldom absent from the delightfully natural pages of Thackeray." And thus from his writings we learn to know the admirable genius as he was and as his friends saw him—"lovable" and "noble-hearted" said Tennyson and Carlyle.

II. Thackeray as an Essayist. Thackeray's sketches and essays are numerous and cover a great variety of subjects, from the amusing and burlesque *Yellowplush Papers,* his contributions to *Punch,* through the kindly and intimate writings of the *Round-About Papers* to the more serious topics of *The English Humorists, The Four Georges,* and papers of that sort. From so great a variety it is impossible to make selections that will show the wealth of matter presented, but his style may be easily recognized in the following. The first is a picture of the King's household, from *George the Third:*

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the Princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the Royal night-cap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their

tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked-hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple-dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Al Raschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such Royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes: sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money: often ask a man a hundred questions: about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the Royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folk—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the King's beefeater's little boy," replied the child. On which the King said, "Then kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for

if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorsteps; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers chose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vainglory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. There was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war: it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

The second is a picture of the King, after his daughter, Princess Amelia, had died:

The poor soul quitted it—and ere yet she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and from November, 1810, George III ceased to reign. All the world knows the story of his malady: all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly Courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse Hombourg—amidst books and Windsor furniture, and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast—the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. "O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother-tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this Royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies, to

whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest: dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!' "

From the essay on *Hogarth, Smollett and Fielding* the following extract is taken, first, because of its descriptive power, and second, because it gives a sketch of two of the greatest works of Hogarth, the realistic artist, whom we might not otherwise meet:

The famous set of pictures called *Marriage à la Mode,* and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin behind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage

deeds and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist—therefore a hypocrite and cheat: for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My Lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counselor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture the old lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counselor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My Lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the "Rose," to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My Lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavoring to escape. My Lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the

City, and faints upon reading Counselor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his Lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors: don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money: don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband: don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the *Rake's Progress,* a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of *Industry and Idleness,* the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of *Whittington* and the *London 'Prentice,* whilst that reprobate Tom Idle, prefers *Moll Flanders,* and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at "halfpenny-under-the hat" with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esquire, becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or Alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night-cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accom-

plice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognizes his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honor; and—O crowning delight and glory of all—whilst His Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of Saint Paul's Churchyard.

A charmingly reminiscent essay is the following, on *Tunbridge Toys:*

I wonder whether those little silver pencil-cases with a movable almanac at the butt-end are still favorite implements with boys, and whether pedlars still hawk them about the country? Are there pedlars and hawkers still, or are rustics and children grown too sharp to deal with them? Those pencil-cases, as far as my memory serves me, were not of much use. The screw, upon which the movable almanac turned, was constantly getting loose. The 1 of the table would work from its moorings, under Tuesday or Wednesday, as the case might be, and you would find, on examination, that Th. or W. was the 23½ of the month (which was absurd on the face of the thing), and in a word your cherished pencil-case an utterly unreliable time-keeper. Nor was this a matter of wonder. Consider the position of a pencil-case in a boy's pocket. You had hardbake in it; marbles, kept in your purse when the money was all gone; your mother's purse, knitted so fondly and supplied with a little bit of gold,

long since—prodigal little son!—scattered amongst the swine—I mean amongst brandy-balls, open tarts, three-cornered puffs, and similar abominations. You had a top and string; a knife; a piece of cobbler's wax; two or three bullets; a "Little Warbler;" and I, for my part, remember, for a considerable period, a brass-barreled pocket-pistol (which would fire beautifully, for with it I shot off a button from Butt Major's jacket);—with all these things, and ever so many more, clinking and rattling in your pockets, and your hands, of course, keeping them in perpetual movement, how could you expect your movable almanac not to be twisted out of its place now and again—your pencil-case to be bent—your licorice water not to leak out of your bottle over the cobbler's wax, your bull's eyes not to ram up the lock and barrel of your pistol, and so forth?

In the month of June, thirty-seven years ago, I bought one of those pencil-cases from a boy whom I shall call Hawker, and who was in my form. Is he dead? Is he a millionaire? Is he a bankrupt now? He was an immense screw at school, and I believe to this day that the value of the thing for which I owed an eventually paid three-and-sixpence, was in reality not one-and-nine.

I certainly enjoyed the case at first a good deal, and amused myself with twiddling round the movable calendar. But this pleasure wore off. The jewel, as I said, was not paid for, and Hawker, a large and violent boy, was exceedingly unpleasant as a creditor. His constant remark was, "When are you going to pay me that three-and-sixpence? What sneaks your relations must be! They come to see you. You go out to them on Saturdays and Sundays, and they never give you anything! Don't tell *me,* you little humbug!" and so forth. The truth is that my relations were respectable; but my parents were making a tour in Scotland; and my friends in London, whom I used to go and see, were most kind to me, certainly, but somehow never tipped me. That term, of May to August, 1823, passed in agonies, then, in consequence of my debt to Hawker. What was the pleasure

of a calendar pencil-case in comparison with the doubt and torture of mind occasioned by the sense of the debt, and the constant reproach in that fellow's scowling eyes and gloomy coarse reminders? How was I to pay off such a debt out of sixpence a week? ludicrous! Why did not some one come to see me, and tip me? Ah! my dear sir, if you have any little friends at school, go and see them, and do the natural thing by them. You won't miss the sovereign. You don't know what a blessing it will be to them. Don't fancy they are too old—try 'em. And they will remember you, and bless you in future days; and their gratitude shall accompany your dreary after life; and they shall meet you kindly when thanks for kindness are scant. Oh, mercy! shall I ever forget that sovereign you gave me, Captain Bob? or the agonies of being in debt to Hawker? In that very term, a relation of mine was going to India. I actually was fetched from school in order to take leave of him. I am afraid I told Hawker of this circumstance. I own I speculated upon my friend's giving me a pound. A pound? Pooh! A relation going to India, and deeply affected at parting from his darling kinsman, might give five pounds to the dear fellow! . . . There was Hawker when I came back—of course there he was. As he looked in my scared face, his turned livid with rage. He muttered curses, terrible from the lips of so young a boy. My relation, about to cross the ocean to fill a lucrative appointment, asked me with much interest about my progress at school, heard me construe a passage of Eutropius, the pleasing Latin work on which I was then engaged; gave me a God bless you, and sent me back to school; upon my word of honor, without so much as a half-crown! It is all very well, my dear sir, to say that boys contract habits of expecting tips from their parents' friends, that they become avaricious, and so forth. Avaricious! fudge! Boys contract habits of tart and toffee eating, which they do not carry into after life. On the contrary, I wish I *did* like 'em. What raptures of pleasure one could have now for five shillings, if one could but pick it off the pastry-

cook's tray! No. If you have any little friends at school, out with your half-crowns, my friend, and impart to those little ones the little fleeting joys of their age.

Well, then. At the beginning of August, 1823, Bartlemytide holidays came, and I was to go to my parents, who were at Tunbridge Wells. My place in the coach was taken by my tutor's servants—"Bolt-in-Tun." Fleet Street, seven o'clock in the morning was the word. My tutor, the Reverend Edward P——, to whom I hereby present my best compliments, had a parting interview with me: gave me my little account for my governor: the remaining part of the coach-hire; five shillings for my own expenses; and some five-and-twenty shillings on an old account which had been over-paid, and was to be restored to my family.

Away I ran and paid Hawker his three-and-six. Ouf! what a weight it was off my mind! (He was a Norfolk boy, and used to go home from Mrs. Nelson's "Bell Inn," Aldgate—but that is not to the point.) The next morning, of course, we were an hour before the time. I and another boy shared a hackney-coach, two-and-six; porter for putting luggage on coach, threepence. I had no more money of my own left. Rasherwell, my companion, went into the "Bolt-in-Tun" coffee-room, and had a good breakfast. I couldn't: because, though I had five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money, I had none of my own, you see.

I certainly intended to go without breakfast, and still remember how strongly I had that resolution in my mind. But there was that hour to wait. A beautiful August morning—I am very hungry. There is Rasherwell "tucking" away in the coffee-room. I pace the street, as sadly almost as if I had been coming to school, not going thence. I turn into a court by mere chance—I vow it was by mere chance—and there I see a coffee-shop with a placard in the window. "Coffee, Twopence, Round of buttered toast, Twopence." And here am I hungry, penniless, with five-and-twenty shillings of my parents' money in my pocket.

What would you have done? You see I had had my money, and spent it in that pencil-case affair. The five-and-twenty shillings were a trust—by me to be handed over.

But then would my parents wish their only child to be actually without breakfast? Having this money and being so hungry, so *very* hungry, mightn't I take ever so little? Mightn't I at home eat as much as I chose?

Well, I went into the coffee-shop, and spent fourpence. I remember the taste of the coffee and toast to this day—a peculiar, muddy, not-sweet-enough, most fragrant coffee—a rich, rancid, yet not-buttered-enough, delicious toast. The waiter had nothing. At any rate, fourpence, I know, was the sum I spent. And the hunger appeased, I got on the coach a guilty being.

At the last stage,—what is its name? I have forgotten in seven-and-thirty years,—there is an inn with a little green and trees before it; and by the trees there is an open carriage. It is our carriage. Yes, there are Prince and Blucher, the horses; and my parents in the carriage. Oh! how I had been counting the days until this one came! Oh! how happy had I been to see them yesterday! But there was that fourpence. All the journey down the toast had choked me, and the coffee poisoned me.

I was in such a state of remorse about the fourpence, that I forgot the maternal joy and caresses, the tender paternal voice. I pulled out the twenty-four shillings and eightpence with a trembling hand.

"Here's your money," I gasp out, "which Mr. P.—— owes you, all but fourpence. I owed three-and-sixpence to Hawker out of my money for a pencil-case, and I had none left, and I took fourpence of yours, and had some coffee at a shop."

I suppose I must have been choking whilst uttering this confession.

"My dear boy," says the governor, "why didn't you go and breakfast at the hotel?"

"He must be starved," says my mother.

I had confessed; I had been a prodigal; I had been taken back to my parents' arms again. It was not a very great crime as yet, or a very long career of prodigality; but don't we know that a boy who takes a pin which is not his own, will take a thousand pounds when occasion serves, brings his parents' gray heads with sorrow to the grave, and carry his own to the gallows? Witness the career of Dick Idle, upon whom our friend Mr. Sala has been discoursing. Dick only began by playing pitch-and-toss on a tombstone: playing fair, for what we know: and even for that sin he was promptly caned by the beadle. The bamboo was ineffectual to cane that reprobate's bad courses out of him. From pitch-and-toss he proceeded to manslaughter if necessary: to highway robbery; to Tyburn and the rope there. Ah! Heaven be thanked, my parents' heads are still above the grass, and mine still out of the noose.

As I look up from my desk, I see Tunbridge Wells Common and the rocks, the strange familiar place which I remember forty years ago. Boys saunter over the green with stumps and cricket-bats. Other boys gallop by on the riding-master's hacks. I protest it is "Cramp, Riding Master," as it used to be in the reign of George IV., and that Centaur Cramp must be at least a hundred years old.

Yonder comes a footman with a bundle of novels from the library. Are they as good as *our* novels? Oh! how delightful they were! Shades of Valancour, awful ghost of Manfroni, how I shudder at your appearance! Sweet image of Thaddeus of Warsaw, how often has this almost infantile hand tried to depict you in a Polish cap and richly embroidered tights! And as for Corinthian Tom in light blue pantaloons and hessians, and Jerry Hawthorn from the country, can all the fashion, can all the splendor of real life which these eyes have subsequently beheld, can all the wit I have heard or read in later times, compare with your fashion, with your brilliancy, with your delightful grace, and sparkling vivacious rattle?

Who knows? They *may* have kept those very books at the library still—at the well-remembered library on the Pantiles, where they sell that delightful, useful Tunbridge ware. I will go and see. I wend my way to the Pantiles, the queer little old-world Pantiles, where, a hundred years since, so much good company came to take its pleasure. Is it possible, that in the past century, gentlefolks of the first rank (as I read lately in a lecture on George II in the *Cornhill Magazine*) assembled here and entertained each other with gaming, dancing, fiddling, and tea? There are fiddlers, harpers, and trumpeters performing at this moment in a weak little old balcony, but where is the fine company? Where are the earls, duchesses, bishops and magnificent embroidered gamesters? A half-dozen of children and their nurses are listening to the musicians; an old lady or two in a poke bonnet passes; and for the rest, I see but an uninteresting population of native tradesmen. As for the library, its window is full of pictures of burly theologians, and their works, sermons, apologues, and so forth. Can I go in and ask the young ladies at the counter for *Manfroni, or the One-handed Monk,* and *Life in London, or the Adventures of Corinthian Tom, Jeremiah Hawthorn, Esquire, and Their Friend Bob Logic?*—absurd. I turn away abashed from the casement—from the Pantiles—no longer Pantiles—but Parade. I stroll over the Common and survey the beautiful purple hills around, twinkling with a thousand bright villas, which have sprung up over this charming ground since first I saw it. What an admirable scene of peace and plenty! What a delicious air breathes over the heath, blows the cloud-shadows across it, and murmurs through the full-clad trees! Can the world show a land fairer, richer, more cheerful? I see a portion of it when I look up from the window at which I write. But fair scene, green woods, bright terraces gleaming in sunshine, and purple clouds swollen with summer rain—nay, the very pages over which my head bends—disappear from before my eyes. They are looking backwards, back into forty years off, into a dark room, into a little house

hard by on the Common, here, in the Bartlemytide holidays. The parents have gone to town for two days: the house is all his own, his own and a grim old maid-servant's, and a little boy is seated at night in the lonely drawing-room, poring over *Manfroni, or the One-handed Monk,* so frightened that he scarcely dares to turn round.

III. Thackeray as a Novelist. As a novelist Thackeray appreciated the good and beautiful, and he drew characters of surprising naturalness, but it must be admitted that his evil characters are the strongest, and that few if any of his women are such as we can respect and admire without some reservation. A reformer, like Dickens, he was less positive and masterful and appears to have lacked in power of characterization, though he always shows his delight in the goodness and nobleness of his imaginary creations.

Vanity Fair was Thackeray's first success, and many critics consider it his masterpiece. As it appeared in monthly parts and was on an entirely new plan, it caught the public spirit and gained almost immediate popularity; by the time the last number had appeared Thackeray found himself established among the prominent literary men of his time. Vanity Fair is the world of society, with all its petty foibles, its greed for wealth and its mean truckling for titles and position. Becky Sharp, the chief character, a wonderful compound of shrewdness and unprincipled activity, is a gay, pleasing and beautiful woman, who intrigues shamelessly for wealth and position.

About seven years after *Vanity Fair* appeared *The Newcomes,* a sequel, in a sense, to *Pendennis,* which it surpasses in interest and excellence. One of its characters, the courtly Colonel Newcome, is drawn with Thackeray's greatest skill, and from the time we first see the old gentleman with his sprightly Tom to the end, when he answers "Adsum" to the last great roll-call, his simple-hearted goodness makes us love and venerate him until we feel almost like retracting the statement that Thackeray's strongest characters are his evil ones.

Henry Esmond, a long historical novel of the time of Queen Anne, introduces several of the literary characters of that age and shows how overpowering was Thackeray's interest in that brilliant period. Though he did not realize his ambition to write its history, he has given us in this novel a faithful reproduction not only of the language, manners and speech of the early eighteenth century, but also of the actions, thought, and character of the ruling class. *Henry Esmond* is popularly considered Thackeray's masterpiece, and it is undoubtedly one of the leading works of its kind in English literature. Its sequel, *The Virginians,* is, however, weakly constructed and comparatively uninteresting. The following extract will show how Thackeray, by the introduction into *Henry Esmond* of literary celebrities, gives the novel an historical completeness and characteristic reality:

The gentlemen ushers had a table at Kensington, and the guard a very splendid dinner daily at St. James's, at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Steele liked the guard-table better than his own at the gentlemen ushers', where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire; but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits, with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux-esprits* of the coffee-houses (Mr. William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits —half a dozen in a night sometimes—but, like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover, till their pieces were loaded again, and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that his bottle-companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence; everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors or his mistress's obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead, the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the guard-table on one sunny afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit upon him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arms, and ran after a gentleman, who was poring over a folio volume at the bookshop near to St. James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-colored suit, with a plain sword, very sober and almost shabby in appearance—at least, when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The Captain rushed up, then, to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends,—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the Captain, still holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humoredly. (He had light blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says Steele with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always——"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack; will your honor come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again at my dearest Joe, my guardian-angel."

"Indeed," says Mr. Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only that I have learnt to admire Mr. Addison.

We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart though I have put on a red coat. . . . 'O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;' shall I go on, sir?'' says Mr. Esmond, who, indeed, had read and loved the charming Latin poems of Mr. Addison, as every scholar of that time knew and admired them.

''This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim,'' says Steele.

''Lieutenant Esmond,'' says the other, with a low bow; ''at Mr. Addison's service.''

''I have heard of you,'' says Mr. Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the Duchess.

''We were going to the George, to take a bottle before the play,'' says Steele; ''wilt thou be one, Joe?''

Mr. Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

''I shall get credit with my landlady,'' says he, with a smile, ''when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair.'' And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was awaiting the owner of the lodgings. ''My wine is better than my meat,'' says Mr. Addison; ''my Lord Halifax sent me the Burgundy.'' And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes; after which the three fell to, and began to drink. ''You see,'' says Mr. Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hockstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, ''that I, too, am busy about your affairs, captain. I am engaged as

a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign.''

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table *aliquo mero,* and with the aid of some bits of tobacco-pipe, showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. ''You are like the German Burghers,'' says he, ''and the Princes on the Mozelle; when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls.''

''And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?'' says Captain Steele, gaily filling up a bumper;—he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

''And the Duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part,'' says Mr. Addison, with a smile and something of a blush, ''pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your Highness's health,'' and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr. Addison's brains; it only unloosed his tongue, whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr. Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's pen, Steele found a master-stroke.

By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem, wherein the bard describes, as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgeling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun;—when Dick came to the lines:

"In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
A thousand villages to ashes turn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands,
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed:"

by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccupped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

"I admire the license of you poets," says Esmond to Mr. Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) "I admire your art: the murder of the campaign is done to military music like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was?" (By this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr. Esmond's head too)—"what a triumph you are celebrating? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander's genius pre-

sided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere? You talk of the 'listening soldier fixed in sorrow,' the 'leader's grief swayed by generous pity;' to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants' cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trade when I saw those horrors perpetrated, which came under every man's eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so."

During this little outbreak, Mr. Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. "What would you have?" says he. "In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I dare say, you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition); Agamemnon is slain, or Medea's children destroyed, away from the scene;—the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way: 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not use tobacco? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary. We must paint our great Duke," Mr. Addison went on, "not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We college-poets trot, you know, on very easy nags; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to

celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. *Si parva licet:* if Vergil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honor. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily, I will do so, and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror:

——"Rheni pacator et Istri,
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori."

"There were as brave men on that field," says Mr. Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery), "there were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favored, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?"

"To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades!" says Mr. Addison, with a smile: "would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome; what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities

is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods, and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity; no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect; and wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

IV. Dickens. We think of Dickens as a humorist, a great novelist and a reformer. Daniel Webster says that Dickens "has done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain has sent into Parliament." Moreover, he was a man of unblemished character, a lover of children and a friend of mankind. Even the morose Carlyle called him "the good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

Charles Dickens (1812–1870) was born in a poor and improvident family, had slight schooling, and educated himself largely by reading in the British Museum and by an intelligent study of life as it presented itself to him. His father ultimately obtained a good situation, and Dickens took up with great vigor the study of shorthand, at which he worked away determinedly with very little encouragement; but

at nineteen he was a reporter in Parliament for one of the city daily papers. At the age of twenty-two he published his first original article, or story, and with it began his literary career, for thereafter reporting was to him excessively burdensome.

He was married in 1836, and twenty years later, after his wife had borne him ten children, there was a separation; the oldest son went with his mother, but the rest of the children remained with the father at the home, where they were cared for by their mother's sister, who had been in the family many years. Another sister-in-law, who died at the age of seventeen, was the object of a violent attachment on the part of Dickens, and it is possible that these complex relationships played no small part in bringing about the destruction of family ties.

From the time of the appearance of *Pickwick Papers,* Dickens' circumstances improved, and he grew wealthy from the sale of his books, adding materially to his income by reading from them before large audiences. Ultimately he purchased a beautiful home, Gadshill, a place he had admired excessively in his childhood and which became his residence until he died there and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Twice he visited America, and traveled extensively in Europe, becoming one of the best-known literary characters and most highly-honored men of his time. George Gissing characterizes him as follows:

For his own fame, Dickens, I think, never puts his genius to better use than in the idealization of English life and character. Whatever in his work may be of doubtful interest to future time, here is its enduring feature. To be truly and profoundly national is great strength in the maker of literature. . . . Of humor he is the very incarnation. Dickens cannot think of his country without a sunny smile. In our hearts we love him for it, and so, surely, will the island people for many an age to come.

V. "PICKWICK PAPERS." After writing a series of essays and tales for the magazines which were finally collected under the title of *Sketches by Boz,* Dickens began to write the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,* for which the illustrations by Robert Seymour, a comic draftsman, were for a time the great attraction, but as soon as Dickens introduced the character of Sam Weller, the plates were forgotten and the *Pickwick Papers,* appearing in their monthly numbers, had an enormous commercial success. Never before had middle and lower class life in England found so successful an exponent, nor has there been since such a lively, humorous, wholesome flood of merriment poured forth in the guise of a novel. The following extracts, arranged in the order in which they appear in *Pickwick Papers,* give a good idea of Mr. Pickwick and his inimitable servant, Sam:

MRS. BARDELL AND SAM

Mr. Pickwick's apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for

the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he was sitting at his desk in his parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on this particular morning would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment—

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true; so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends—" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him, "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshiped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick; —"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider.—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell frantically; "I'll never leave you—dear, kind, good soul;" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing: for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you;" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive—" said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick, "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink.

"I want to speak to you about something," said Mr. Pickwick. "Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without

farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door. "Ta'nt a wery good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and afore the brim went, it was a wery handsome tile. Hows'ever it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—wentilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "*I* should like to know, in the first place, whether you're a goin' to purwide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though," said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here.

"Take the bill down," said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Certn'ly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the inquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

The history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provided, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in, Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray coat with the P. C. button, a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessaries, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said the suddenly-transformed individual, "I wonder whether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so, long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

SAM'S VALENTINE

As Sam was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that he should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave

a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

So saying, he at once stepped into a stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn'orth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you, miss?"

The brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his

eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company

o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizing trial to me at any time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a going to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

" 'Lovely——.' "

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

" 'Lovely creetur,' " repeated Sam.

" 'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows: never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed'—."

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there —'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and an 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'raps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

" 'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.' "

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

" 'But now,' " continued Sam, " 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

" 'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary my dear —as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.' "

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

" 'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it, Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it, 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it, in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

THE TRIAL

Justice Stareleigh was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little

From Engraving by Barnard

MR. PICKWICK

eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury. Immediately afterward Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathizing and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started; suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg entreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz rubbed his eyes very hard with a large, white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

Mrs. Bardell recovered by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being

immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote: "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case."

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he

would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no

fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodging be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long

intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract: and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen —most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper he proceeded:

"And, now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away, by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I

shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes

before you to-day with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.'' With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

''Call Elizabeth Cluppins,'' said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and when she was safely perched on the top step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella: keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring with an earnest countenance, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

''Mrs. Cluppins,'' said Serjeant Buzfuz, ''pray compose yourself, ma'am.'' Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself, she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

''Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins,'' said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, ''do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?''

''Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do,'' replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Cluppins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppense ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was a sound of voices in the front room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices were very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices, Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz

smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two or three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument, was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavored to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly——"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say, that——"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his notebook.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that,* Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at, at last, being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look

at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place [another look at the jury]. Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if any body should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light,

if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh, no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses: a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky in a most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh, no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behavior, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fullness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behavior towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one occasion, which, no doubt, might be easily explained."

The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay, Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz, "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behavior towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My Lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of a projected marriage, and had led, he knew, to the defendant being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box: both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July.

Had heard Mr. Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar circumstances.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my Lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord," replied Sam, "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "Quite right too, Samuel, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythor suspect it was my father, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my Lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgment and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a wery

particklar and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "You had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at that time, my Lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit of clothes; wery careful indeed, my Lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam, "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant

again turned toward Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh, yes, very well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I raythor thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at that the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh, you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! They spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered

again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read. "Then that's my case, my Lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr. Pickwick. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return home from some country excursion. It is sufficient to add in general terms, that he did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old-established and most approved form. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentleman," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed on your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; and having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

VI. Dickens' Picaresque Novels. *Oliver Twist,* the story of a poor boy unharmed by the vicious influences of his criminal associates in London, and *Nicholas Nickleby,* a telling story of the worst class of English boarding schools, taught by cheap schoolmasters of Yorkshire, two picaresque tales of powerful interest, followed within two years, and both hit the mark. The following extract, descriptive of a party at Mrs. Kenwigs', is from *Nicholas Nickleby:*

It was the anniversary of that happy day on which the Church of England as by law established, had bestowed Mrs. Kenwigs upon Mr. Kenwigs; and in grateful commemoration of the same, Mrs. Kenwigs had invited a few select friends to cards and a supper in the first floor, and had put on a new gown to receive them in: which gown, being of a flaming color and made upon a juvenile principle, was so successful that Mr. Kenwigs said the eight years of matrimony and the five children seemed all a dream, and Mrs. Kenwigs younger and more blooming than on the very first Sunday he had kept company with her.

Beautiful as Mrs. Kenwigs looked when she was dressed though, and so stately that you would have supposed she had a cook and housemaid at least, and nothing to do but order them about, she had a world of trouble with the

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preparations; more, indeed, than she, being of a delicate and genteel constitution, could have sustained, had not the pride of housewifery upheld her. At last, however, all the things that had to be got together were got together, and all the things that had to be got out of the way were got out of the way, and everything was ready, and the collector himself having promised to come, fortune smiled upon the occasion.

The party was admirably selected. There were, first of all, Mr. Kenwigs and Mrs. Kenwigs, and four olive Kenwigses who sat up to supper; firstly, because it was but right that they should have a treat on such a day; and secondly, because their going to bed, in presence of the company, would have been inconvenient, not to say improper. Then, there was a young lady who had made Mrs. Kenwigs's dress, and who—it was the most convenient thing in the world—living in the two-pair back, gave up her bed to the baby, and got a little girl to watch it. Then, to match this young lady, was a young man, who had known Mr. Kenwigs when he was a bachelor, and was much esteemed by the ladies, as bearing the reputation of a rake. To these, were added a newly married couple, who had visited Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs in their courtship; and a sister of Mrs. Kenwigs's, who was quite a beauty; besides whom, there was another young man, supposed to entertain honorable designs upon the lady last mentioned; and Mr. Noggs, who was a genteel person to ask, because he had been a gentleman once. There were also an elderly lady from the back parlor, and one more young lady, who, next to the collector, perhaps was the great lion of the party, being the daughter of a theatrical fireman, who "went on" in the pantomine, and had the greatest turn for the stage that was ever known, being able to sing and recite in a manner that brought the tears into Mrs. Kenwigs's eyes. There was only one drawback upon the pleasure of seeing such friends, and that was, that the lady in the back parlor, who was very fat, and turned of sixty, came in a low book-muslin dress and short kid gloves, which

so exasperated Mrs. Kenwigs, that that lady assured her visitors, in private, that if it hadn't happened that the supper was cooking at the back-parlor grate at that moment, she certainly would have requested its representative to withdraw.

"My dear," said Mr. Kenwigs, "wouldn't it be better to begin a round game?"

"Kenwigs, my dear," returned his wife, "I am surprised at you. Would you begin without my uncle?"

"I forgot the collector," said Kenwigs; "oh, no, that would never do."

"He's so particular," said Mrs. Kenwigs, turning to the other married lady, "that if we began without him, I should be out of his will for ever."

"Dear!" cried the married lady.

"You've no idea what he is," replied Mrs. Kenwigs; "and yet as good a creature as ever breathed."

"The kindest-hearted man as ever was," said Kenwigs.

"It goes to his heart, I believe, to be forced to cut the water off, when the people don't pay," observed the bachelor friend, intending a joke.

"George," said Mr. Kenwigs, solemnly, "none of that, if you please."

"It was only my joke," said the friend, abashed.

"George," rejoined Mr. Kenwigs, "a joke is a wery good thing—a wery good thing—but when that joke is made at the expense of Mrs. Kenwigs's feelings, I set my face against it. A man in public life expects to be sneered at—it is the fault of his elewated sitiwation, and not of himself. Mrs. Kenwigs's relation is a public man, and that he knows, George, and that he can bear; but putting Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question (if I *could* put Mrs. Kenwigs out of the question on such an occasion as this), I have the honor to be connected with the collector by marriage; and I cannot allow these remarks in my——" Mr. Kenwigs was going to say "house," but he rounded the sentence with "apartments."

At the conclusion of these observations, which drew forth evidences of acute feeling from Mrs. Kenwigs, and

had the intended effect of impressing the company with a deep sense of the collector's dignity, a ring was heard at the bell.

"That's him," whispered Mr. Kenwigs, greatly excited. "Morleena, my dear, run down and let your uncle in, and kiss him directly you get the door open. Hem! Let's be talking."

Adopting Mr. Kenwigs's suggestion, the company spoke very loudly, to look easy and unembarrassed; and almost as soon as they had begun to do so, a short old gentleman is drabs and gaiters, with a face that might have been carved out of lignum *vitae,* for anything that appeared to the contrary, was led playfully in by Miss Morleena Kenwigs, regarding whose uncommon Christian name it may be here remarked that it had been invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs previous to her first lying-in, for the special distinction of her eldest child, in case it should prove a daughter.

"Oh uncle, I am *so* glad to see you," said Mrs. Kenwigs, kissing the collector affectionately on both cheeks. "So glad!"

"Many happy returns of the day, my dear," replied the collector, returning the compliment.

Now, this was an interesting thing. Here was a collector of water-rates, without his book, without his pen and ink, without his double knock, without his intimidation, kissing—actually kissing—an agreeable female, and leaving taxes, summonses, notices that he had called, or announcements that he would never call again, for two quarters' due, wholly out of the question. It was pleasant to see how the company looked on, quite absorbed in the sight, and to behold the nods and winks with which they expressed their gratification at finding so much humanity in a tax-gatherer.

"Where will you sit, uncle?" said Mrs. Kenwigs, in the full glow of family pride, which the appearance of her distinguished relation occasioned.

"Anywheres, my dear," said the collector, "I am not particular."

Not particular! What a meek collector. If he had been an author, who knew his place, he couldn't have been more humble.

"Mr. Lillyvick," said Kenwigs, addressing the collector, "some friends here, sir, are very anxious for the honor of—thank you—Mr. and Mrs. Cutler, Mr. Lillyvick."

"Proud to know you, sir," said Mr. Cutler, "I've heerd of you very often." These were not mere words of ceremony; for, Mr. Cutler, having kept house in Mr. Lillyvick's parish, had heard of him very often indeed. His attention in calling had been quite extraordinary.

"George, you know, I think, Mr. Lillyvick," said Kenwigs; "lady from downstairs—Mr. Lillyvick. Mr. Snewkes—Mr. Lillyvick. Miss Green—Mr. Lillyvick. Mr. Lillyvick—Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Very glad to make two public characters acquainted! Mrs. Kenwigs, my dear, will you sort the counters?"

Mrs. Kenwigs, with the assistance of Newman Noggs (who, as he performed sundry little acts of kindness for the children, at all times and seasons, was humored in his request to be taken no notice of, and was merely spoken about, in a whisper, as the decayed gentleman), did as she was desired; and the greater part of the guests sat down to speculation, while Newman himself, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Miss Petowker of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, looked after the supper-table.

While the ladies were thus busying themselves, Mr. Lillyvick was intent upon the game in progress, and as all should be fish that comes to a water-collector's net, the dear old gentleman was by no means scrupulous in appropriating to himself the property of his neighbors, which, on the contrary, he abstracted whenever an opportunity presented itself, smiling good-humoredly all the while, and making so many condescending speeches to the owners, that they were delighted with his amiability, and thought in their hearts that he deserved to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at least.

After a great deal of trouble, and the administration of many slaps on the head to the infant Kenwigses, whereof two of the most rebellious were summarily banished, the cloth was laid with much elegance, and a pair of boiled fowls, a large piece of pork, apple-pie, potatoes and greens, were served; at sight of which, the worthy Mr. Lillyvick vented a great many witticisms, and plucked up amazingly: to the immense delight and satisfaction of the whole body of admirers.

Very well and very fast the supper went off; no more serious difficulties occurring than those which arose from the incessant demand for clean knives and forks: which made poor Mrs. Kenwigs wish, more than once, that private society adopted the principle of schools and required that every guest should bring his own knife, fork, and spoon; which doubtless would be a great accommodation in many cases, and to no one more so than to the lady and gentleman of the house, especially if the school principle were carried out to the full extent; and the articles were expected, as a matter of delicacy, not to be taken away again.

Everybody had eaten everything, the table was cleared in a most alarming hurry, and with great noise; and the spirits, whereat the eyes of Newman Noggs glistened, being arranged in order, with water both hot and cold, the party composed themselves for conviviality; Mr. Lillyvick being stationed in a large arm-chair by the fire-side, and the four little Kenwigses disposed on a small form in front of the company with their flaxen tails towards them, and their faces to the fire; an arrangement which was no sooner perfected, than Mrs. Kenwigs was overpowered by the feelings of a mother, and fell upon the left shoulder of Mr. Kenwigs dissolved in tears.

"They are so beautiful!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, sobbing.

"Oh, dear," said all the ladies, "so they are! it's very natural you should feel proud of that; but don't give way, don't."

"I can—not help it, and it don't signify," sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs; "oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful!"

On hearing this alarming presentiment of their being doomed to an early death in the flower of their infancy, all four little girls raised a hideous cry, and burying their heads in their mother's lap simultaneously, screamed until the eight flaxen tails vibrated again; Mrs. Kenwigs meanwhile clasping them alternately to her bosom, with attitudes expressive of distraction, which Miss Petowker herself might have copied.

At length, the anxious mother permitted herself to be soothed into a more tranquil state, and the little Kenwigses, being also composed, were distributed among the company, to prevent the possibility of Mrs. Kenwigs being again overcome by the blaze of their combined beauty. This done, the ladies and gentlemen united in prophesying that they would live for many, many years, and that there was no occasion at all for Mrs. Kenwigs to distress herself: which, in good truth, there did not appear to be; the loveliness of the children by no means justifying her apprehensions.

"This day eight year," said Mr. Kenwigs after a pause. "Dear me—ah!"

This reflection was echoed by all present, who said "Ah!" first, and "dear me," afterwards.

"I was younger then," tittered Mrs. Kenwigs.

"No," said the collector.

"Certainly not," added everybody.

"I remember my niece," said Mr. Lillyvick, surveying his audience with a grave air; "I remember her, on that very afternoon, when she first acknowledged to her mother a partiality for Kenwigs. 'Mother,' she says, 'I love him.' "

" 'Adore him,' I said, uncle," interposed Mrs. Kenwigs.

" 'Love him,' I think, my dear," said the collector, firmly.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle," replied Mrs. Kenwigs, submissively. "I thought it was 'adore.' "

" 'Love,' my dear," retorted Mr. Lillyvick. " 'Mother,' she says, 'I love him!' 'What do I hear?' cried her mother; and instantly falls into strong conwulsions."

A general exclamation of astonishment burst from the company.

"Into strong conwulsions," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, regarding them with a rigid look. "Kenwigs will excuse my saying, in the presence of friends, that there was a very great objection to him, on the ground that he was beneath the family, and would disgrace it. You remember, Kenwigs?"

"Certainly," replied that gentleman, in no way displeased at the reminiscence, inasmuch as it proved, beyond all doubt, what a high family Mrs. Kenwigs came of.

"I shared in that feeling," said Mr. Lillyvick: "perhaps it was natural; perhaps it wasn't."

A gentle murmur seemed to say, that, in one of Mr. Lillyvick's station, the objection was not only natural, but highly praiseworthy.

"I came round to him in time," said Mr. Lillyvick. "After they were married, and there was no help for it, I was one of the first to say that Kenwigs must be taken notice of. The family *did* take notice of him, in consequence, and on my representation; and I am bound to say—and proud to say—that I have always found him a very honest, well-behaved, upright, respectable sort of man. Kenwigs, shake hands."

"I am proud to do it, sir," said Mr. Kenwigs.

"So am I, Kenwigs," rejoined Mr. Lillyvick.

"A very happy life I have led with your niece, sir," said Kenwigs.

"It would have been your own fault if you had not, sir," remarked Mr. Lillyvick.

"Morleena Kenwigs," cried her mother, at this crisis, much affected, "kiss your dear uncle!"

The young lady did as she was requested, and the three other little girls were successively hoisted up to the collector's countenance, and subjected to the same process, which was afterwards repeated on them by the majority of those present.

"Oh dear, Mrs. Kenwigs," said Miss Petowker, "while Mr. Noggs is making that punch to drink happy returns in, do let Morleena go through that figure dance before Mr. Lillyvick."

"No, no, my dear," replied Mrs. Kenwigs, "it will only worry my uncle."

"It can't worry him, I am sure," said Miss Petowker. "You will be very much pleased, won't you, sir?"

"That I am sure I shall," replied the collector, glancing at the punch-mixer.

"Well then, I'll tell you what," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "Morleena shall do the steps, if uncle can persuade Miss Petowker to recite us the Blood-Drinker's Burial, afterwards."

There was a great clapping of hands and stamping of feet, at this proposition; the subject whereof, gently inclined her head several times, in acknowledgment of the reception.

"You know," said Miss Petowker, reproachfully, "that I dislike doing anything professional in private parties."

"Oh, but not here!" said Mrs. Kenwigs. "We are all so very friendly and pleasant, that you might as well be going through it in your own room; besides, the occasion——"

"I can't resist that," interrupted Miss Petowker; "anything in my humble power I shall be delighted to do."

Mrs. Kenwigs and Miss Petowker had arranged a small *programme* of the entertainments between them, of which this was the prescribed order, but they had settled to have a little pressing on both sides, because it looked more natural. The company being all ready, Miss Petowker hummed a tune, and Morleena danced a dance; having

previously had the soles of her shoes chalked, with as much care as if she were going on the tight-rope. It was a very beautiful figure, comprising a great deal of work for the arms, and was received with unbounded applause.

"If I was blessed with a—a child——" said Miss Petowker, blushing, "of such genius as that, I would have her out at the Opera instantly."

Mrs. Kenwigs sighed, and looked at Mr. Kenwigs, who shook his head, and observed that he was doubtful about it.

"Kenwigs is afraid," said Mrs. K.

"What of?" inquired Miss Petowker, "not of her failing?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Kenwigs, "but if she grew up what she is now,—only think of the young dukes and marquises."

"Very right," said the collector.

"Still," submitted Miss Petowker, "if she took a proper pride in herself, you know——"

"There's a good deal in that," observed Mrs. Kenwigs, looking at her husband.

"I only know—" faltered Miss Petowker,—"it may be no rule to be sure—but *I* have never found any inconvenience or unpleasantness of that sort."

Mr. Kenwigs, with becoming gallantry, said that settled the question at once, and that he would take the subject into his serious consideration. This being resolved upon, Miss Petowker was entreated to begin the Blood-Drinker's Burial; to which end, that young lady let down her back hair, and taking up her position at the other end of the room, with the bachelor friend posted in a corner, to rush out at the cue "in death expire," and catch her in his arms when she died raving mad, went through the performance with extraordinary spirit, and to the great terror of the little Kenwigses, who were all but frightened into fits.

The ecstasies consequent upon the effort had not yet subsided, and Newman (who had not been thoroughly

sober at so late an hour for a long time), had not yet been able to put in a word of announcement, that the punch was ready, when a hasty knock was heard at the room-door, which elicited a shriek from Mrs. Kenwigs, who immediately divined that the baby had fallen out of bed.

"Who is that?" demanded Mr. Kenwigs, sharply.

"Don't be alarmed, it's only me," said Crowl, looking in, in his nightcap. "The baby is very comfortable, for I peeped into the room as I came down, and it's fast asleep, and so is the girl; and I don't think the candle will set fire to the bed-curtain, unless a draught was to get into the room—it's Mr. Noggs that's wanted."

"Me!" cried Newman, much astonished.

"Why, it *is* a queer hour, isn't it?" replied Crowl, who was not best pleased at the prospect of losing his fire; "and they are queer-looking people, too, all covered with rain and mud. Shall I tell them to go away?"

"No," said Newman, rising. "People? How many?"

"Two," rejoined Crowl.

"Want me? By name?" asked Newman.

"By name," replied Crowl. "Mr. Newman Noggs, as pat as need be."

Newman reflected for a few seconds, and then hurried away, muttering that he would be back directly. He was as good as his word; for, in an exceedingly short time, he burst into the room, and seizing, without a word of apology or explanation, a lighted candle and tumbler of hot punch from the table, darted away like a madman.

"What the deuce is the matter with him?" exclaimed Crowl, throwing the door open. "Hark! Is there any noise above?"

The guests rose in great confusion, and, looking in each other's faces with much perplexity and some fear, stretched their necks forward, and listened attentively.

In spite of opposition, Dickens continued to attack, one after the other, social wrongs and cruelties, in a good-natured sarcasm touched

with indignant fire, which was not quenched by his humorous style. The fecundity of Dickens' imagination is almost unparalleled, and his characters, which run up into the thousands, are drawn with masterly skill. Frequently the charge of exaggeration and unfairness is laid at his door, for it was his habit to select some peculiarity in an individual and by constantly bringing that to the attention make the character seem unnatural and overdrawn. However, the result was to fix these persons indelibly on the mind of the reader, and so to-day scores of the men and women created by Dickens live in memory by some peculiar trait or unusual manner of expression.

VII. Pathos in Dickens. *The Old Curiosity Shop,* published in 1840, touches the hearts of its readers through their interest in the wanderings of an old man and his lovely granddaughter, Little Nell. To the drawing of her perfect character Dickens gave the best that was in him and it is said that he could not write of her without being strongly affected, and to describe her death was to live again through the period of his sufferings when his beloved Mary, the young sister-in-law, died.

In *The Tale of Two Cities* Dickens gives a series of most vivid pictures of the French Revolution, and shows in that wonderful tale how powerful he might have been had he undertaken more seriously historical fiction; but he felt his power lay rather in picturing lower class life of his own times.

In 1842 Dickens published his *American Notes,* in which he castigated some of the peculiarities of his friends on this side of the Atlantic; but a more successful result of his visit was *Martin Chuzzlewit,* a novel which appeared two years later and which is regarded as the most humorous of his works, after *Pickwick Papers.* From this time forward, Dickens' sense of humor seemed to decline, and his satirical spirit and leaning toward pathos to increase.

Dombey and Son, a tale of the thwarted hopes of an ambitious father and the pathetic death of his odd little son, was by critics considered a falling-off in his power. Perhaps the pathos in the tale is exaggerated, and yet, what is there more touching or more beautiful in literature than his description of the death of little Paul? Mr. Dombey has one child, Florence, at the time Paul is born. The firm of Dombey and Son has been in existence through several generations and in the idolized Paul Mr. Dombey sees the continuation of the firm's name. Naturally, the importance of Florence in his family has diminished, but Paul, from his babyhood, is a strange, frail little creature, and after the departure of his nurse his health is never good:

> Naturally delicate, he pined and wasted, and, for a long time, seemed but to wait his opportunity of gliding through their hands and seeking his lost mother. This dangerous ground in his steeple-chase toward manhood passed, he still found it very rough riding, and was griev-

ously beset by all the obstacles in his course. Every tooth was a break-neck fence, and every pimple in the measles a stone wall to him. He was down in every fit of whooping cough, and rolled upon and crushed by a whole field of small diseases that came trooping on each other's heels, to prevent his getting up again.

Nevertheless, Paul lived for several years and became ardently devoted to Florence, who returned his sentiment unfailingly. The two were rarely separated, and when Paul was old enough they went with a nurse to the seaside:

His favorite spot was quite a lonely one far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side, at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more. . . . Here, one time he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awaking suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he did not mean that; he meant farther away —farther away!

Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away.

But Paul grew a little stronger and was sent to school, where everybody loved him, but he never seemed quite human to teachers and classmates. Mourning ever for Florence at home, he gradually pined away until he was sent back home, where he was compelled to take to his bed. Dickens relates the end in a chapter he called "What the Waves Were Always Saying:"

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they paused, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or to choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to

himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell Papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why, will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!" But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you,* now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down-stairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they

said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it, now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people round him changed except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin dozing in an easy chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly, if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there, with fear.

"Floy!" he said. "What *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except Papa!"

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:

"My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear Papa! Indeed, I am quite happy!"

His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside —Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him, Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now, to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down-stairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes, or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer,

perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of foot-steps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor, blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that, who said 'Walter?' " he asked, looking round. "Some one said 'Walter.' Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder, on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him he stretched out his hand, and said: "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye!"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is Papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear Papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried, "good-bye!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

VIII. His Later Novels. Dickens was a masterly writer of the short story, and some, notably those grouped under the title *Christmas Stories,* are exceedingly bright and seasonable. One has but to mention *A Christmas Carol* and *The Cricket on the Hearth* to call up two wonderfully beautiful tales that show Dickens at his best. Both were produced in the height of his power, and before his American journey.

By 1850 critics had begun to expect Dickens to wane and weaken in his powers, but in that year he produced *David Copperfield,* by many considered his strongest work, and by the author himself preferred to all his other novels. In style it is autobiographical, and is an admirable work of his genius. Some of the characters in *David Copperfield* can never die, and

the tragedy of the broken friendship is one of the finest things that Dickens ever wrote. To show the peculiarly happy style in which the tale is couched, we quote from what David has to say of his early impressions:

The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty, with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighborhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's fore-finger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.

This may be fancy, though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; the rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have perserved from their childhood.

I might have a misgiving that I am "meandering" in stopping to say this, but that it brings me to remark that I build these conclusions, in part upon my own experience of myself; and if it should appear from any-

thing I may set down in this narrative that I was a child of close observation, or that as a man I have a strong memory of my childhood, I undoubtedly lay claim to both of these characteristics.

Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see.

There comes out of the cloud, our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; with a pigeon-house on a pole, in the center, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about, in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night; as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front-door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly-burning light, letting a moldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlors; the parlor in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion, when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlor where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty has told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black

cloaks put on. One Sunday night my mother reads to Peggotty and me in there, how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bed-room window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon.

There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, "Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?"

Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and *is* seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but *she* pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and *he* makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder

whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and, from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty.

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks'-nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlor. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straightening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

Of *Bleak House, Little Dorrit, Our Mutual Friend* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* which was incomplete at the time of Dickens' death, we can say nothing, except that unfortunate indeed is he who has no acquaintance with their many interesting characters and the multiplicity of incidents in their plots.

The
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OCE

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EUROPE
GERMANY
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